NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

JOHN NEAL AND HENRY F. HARRINGTON,—EDITORS.

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THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

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AGENTS.

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Machias Port, (Me.)—Jonathan Marston.
Montpelier, (Vt.)—George Walton.
Matanzas—Charles P. Butler.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

REVENGE.

A POEM.

'I see a mighty darkness,
Filling the seat of power, and rays of gloom
Dart round, as light from the meridian sun,
Ungazed upon and shapeless; neither limb,
Nor form, nor outline; yet we feel it is
A living spirit.'—*Shelley.*

In that dread hour, when as the poet sings,
The rebel angels braved the King of Kings,
Against Jehovah, and his holy law,
Their flashing steel dared impiously to draw;
When front to front, the armed array of Heaven
Met in the fight, and shields and spears were riven;
When Satan fell, with all his starry host,
And myriads of spirit powers were lost;
When Sin, and Death, and Rage, and burning Hate,
First sprang to being on that field of fate;
When wrath impotent, on the fiery coast
Of raging billows, rent the arch-rebel's breast;
When Hell first yawned, and groans of lost despair,
And hope, the undying worm had quenched there,
Then dark Revenge upreared its blackened head,
And vampyre-like, upon the heart it fed.

As bards profane, in glowing numbers tell
The fate of him, doomed in their fabled hell,
The vultures' prey, who rend his bosom's core,
Which grows again ere yet his pangs are o'er,
So dark Revenge feasts on its victim's hearts,
The life blood drains, and peace fore'er departs.

Demon of Wrath! whene'er it stalks abroad,
The might of nations quails beneath its rod,
It knows no sleep, its wanderings never cease,
Author of broils, sworn foe to rest and peace;
The King of Terrors follows in its path,
And slays each victim, pointed by its wrath.
The seal of hellish passion on its brow
Grows darker still to see the fatal blow;
And when his arrows, do the bosom pierce,
Its smile is fearful, withering, grim and fierce.
In blood-stained garments and cold deadly breath
Forever herald the approach of death.
When it draws near, its startled victims fly,
It bursts asunder every human tie;
Nor age, nor sex, nor weakness checks its rage,
Nor prayer of mercy can its wrath assuage,
Defies each barrier, spurns at all control,
And revels in the anguish of the soul.
No time, nor place protects the one pursued,
It falters not, till it is quenched in blood!

The bard of Scotia has its strength portrayed
In haughty Roderick, who his vengeful blade
Drew in the Court, because a blow was given,
And recked not though it were the Court of Heaven!

Spirit of Evil! in the savage mind,
Thy reign is [illegible], and there unconfined;
Sons of the forest, clansmen fierce and rude,
Urged by the memory of some ancient feud,
Raging and mad, thy devastations spread;
Wo to the weak and unprotected head!
For though it glow within an infant's breast,
Still fell Revenge uprears its serpent crest,
Lurks by the way-side at the midnight hour,
And wily craft contends with strength and power.
In mystery wrapt, the dark design conceived,
It ne'er abandons till it is achieved.

In Scotland, land of Romance and of song,
Its reign is powerful, deadly, deep and strong.
The Emerald Isle resounds the midnight groan,
For there Revenge has reared a deadly throne.
Yon gloomy cloud, that hovers o'er the plain,
Springs from the combat, and the field of slain:
There met the hostile bands in fiercest fight,
To curb no tyrant, to assert no right,
But to revenge some fancied insult given
In olden time, when their grandsires had striven.
The combat thickened, but they felt no wound,
They shrank not back, though corses strewed the ground!
Widows and orphans long will rue the day,
Their sires and husbands, marched to the foray.

Point to the forests of our native west,
Where deadly vengeance guides the red man's breast;
See yonder stake, with faggots heaped around,
See yonder victim, led forth, stripped and bound;
They ply the torture, tear his quivering flesh,
And burning coals throw on the wound yet fresh,
Gash him with knives, his straining eye-balls sear,
And yell their war-whoops in his tortured ear,
Till tired with wanton cruelty, the flame
Wraps in its blaze the hacked and mangled frame,
Then sink to sleep, beside their hellish feat,
Their rage appeased, for oh, Revenge is sweet!

If thou dread spirit! bear such wide spread sway
In savage breasts, how fearful the display!
When polished man bows to thy bloody shrine,
And dedicates his noblest powers to thine;
Brings learning, science, eloquence and art,
To point the weapon and to barb the dart,
Devotes his talents, time, and strength, and skill,
To glut thy altars, desolate and kill!

Its fearful power, joys not alone to kill,
But curbs the freedom of the human will.
The speaker pauses ere his speech is done,
He fears the vengeance of some injured one.
The minister of justice stays his hand,
Nor dares enforce the statutes of the land;
The minstrel casts aside the sounding lyre,
Whence lately breathed his strains of living fire.
The press is idle, silent as the grave,
Who dares the fury of the vengeful brave?
The voice of warning and reproof is hushed,
For dark Revenge, its potency has crushed.

In proud old Europe, what a dismal scene!
In feudal times, a prey to fierce rapine,
When stalked Revenge by every lordly tower,
Where ancient castles were the seat of power;
When deadly hatred poisoned every joy,
And vengeful thoughts alone the mind employ;
When haughty barons girded on the blade,
Their neighbor's hold, at midnight, to invade;
When peaceful arts and learning had no charms,
And men from youth to age were cased in arms.
At every feast the night wind's slightest breath,
Roused them to arms, else 'twere the feast of death!
But when ascending to the kingly throne,
Some mighty ruler, it has made its own;
Crimes, which the pen of sober truth must shock,
When groans the earth, beneath the axe and block,
When fall the great, the valiant, wise and good,
To gratify a hellish thirst for blood,
Are perpetrated without fear or shame,
In guise of justice, oh perverted name!
Then nature shrinks aghast the scene to view,
And scarce believes the bloody drama true.

What shadows follow in the monster's train,
Its ghastly victims, wronged, betrayed and slain!
The Jewish Chief, for whom a monarch wept,
The mighty Roman, once the world scarce kept;
The courtly Raleigh, with his open brow,
The gentle Mary, with her cheek of snow,
The handsome Darnley, with his haughty mein,
The gallant Russell, grave, calm, and serene,
The noblest monarch, that e'er graced St Cloud;
De Witt, once idol of the fickle crowd,
The dark-eyed painter, martyr to his fame,
Learning and genius, in young Crichton's name,
The poet, victim to his keen satire,
The statesmen murdered for his words of fire,
The pallid student, whose inspiring theme,
Woke slumbering bondsmen from their fitful dream;
And countless numbers swell the spirit throng,
Their only crime, their bitter hate of wrong.

Demon of Mischief! when thy reign is o'er,
And thou shalt feast on broken hearts no more,
The dawn of peace will beam upon the world,
And Hate and Vengeance down to hell be hurled,
Thou Satan chained within his fiery realm,
A thousand years, no more with sin o'erwhelm;
Blessings, like manna, pour down from above,
And all be peace, and harmony and love. L.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

MUSIC IN THE UNITED STATES.

MR EDITOR—From an article which appeared in the American Musical Journal from a correspondent of the Editor, I transmit for the readers of the Galaxy, a few abstracts with some occasional remarks which will be found interesting to the Musical community of this metropolis.

J. R. P.

SIR—Your notice of my letter on the subject of music in the United States, has my thanks, but you are in error when you assert that I am severe for having only passed my remarks on the subject of music as I find it.

To state what is true should not be considered severity! If giving examples of the faults of others be severity, it is their very errors that cause it to be so considered.

I grant that it looks too much like criticism, which department should not be assumed by a contributor, and I must offer you an apology, for interfering with what appears to be well done already. If I intended to assume the task of criticism, I should handle as they deserve, the works of the would be composers of the present day. *Good music* is at too low an ebb already, without the assistance of *severity* to depreciate the little talent there is.'

'Good original music will be long ere it takes any root in this soil, while the present self-made authors are suffered to take the lead, and cater for the amusement of the people, and while that part of the community who have the power to encourage the art, and its well qualified professors, treat both with *bigotry* and *illiberality*, I mean the preachers. In their *tracts* and *musical journals* we find a mass of *ignorant, illiberal, inconsistent twattle* as was ever put together, and in order that you may be convinced that I speak without severity, I here send you a specimen.

In the Family Minstrel, No 10, dated June 15, page 75, you will find an article headed, *Church Music*, entitled the *importance* of cultivating sacred music, and practising it in the house of God. In this the writer speaks of this part of public devotion being performed with a *measure of elegance*. Hear this—a *measure of elegance!!!* in an appeal to the Most High!!

Then comes a hit at the stage. 'If the minister who should lead in the prayers, should assume the manner of an actor, and should seem to be praying merely to gratify the taste, or amuse the fancy of a portion of his hearers, every one would regard it not only as unpardonable, trifling, but downright impiety.'

Did this writer ever hear Mr John Kemble deliver Shakspeare's soliloquy on sleep or death, or any other well educated actor play the part in which it occurs. Human nature is as beautifully depicted, and virtue inculcated with as much force and truth on the stage as in the pulpit. I feel assured no such feelings could be harbored but by ignorance; but there are mountebank preachers as well as actors, and there are well educated and moral men, an ornament to society and their professions, on the stage, as well as in the pulpit. Human nature is the same in all stations of life; and although I respect the sacred desk and responsibility of the minister of the gospel, I cannot bear to see the attacks made so constantly on a profession which never interferes with the other.

He goes on thus—'God forbid that the church should ever borrow any thing from the stage! no not even the parade and fascinations of its music.'

Music, beautiful and divine, there is a prayer in every sound, devotion in every phrase, and grace in every movement, and yet it is to be abused by those who should strive to keep up its sacredness and respectability, but when such papers as the *Family Minstrel*, under the garb of sanctity, send out such *unchristian-like* language, can it or will it be improved.

Has there scarcely ever appeared an opera that some airs have not immediately been adapted to sacred words for the Church, which truly I think wrong, upon this ground, that dramatic music and subjects that relate to things in this life, that of the Church has reference to the life to come.

If an Oratorio is to be got up, who are the Singers that can do it most justice? Why the dramatic vocalist, because their studies and avocations give them the capability of imparting to their hearers the sense of language and the sense of the sound to convey the meaning of the author and composer to their hearers. Why are some clergymen so much preferable to others? Because they have that peculiar gift of imparting their meaning to their congregation. Then let us have no more of God forbidding. Our Heavenly Father dispenses his favors to all alike, and the *sin* is our own in any station of life, if we abuse his goodness and mercy. Was not Handel the greatest *Dramatic Composer*? Mozart, Haydn, Beethhoven, were they not great *Dramatic Writers*? Has it not been so for centuries?—And does this slanderer think to create a new era by his attacks? Does he think this abuse will alter human nature, or cure the great evil he complains of? No! protect those who have genius to write, encourage them to vie with the *fascinating department of the Stage*, give your qualified professors the places of Organists in your churches, and let not amateurs, inefficient ones too, take the bread from them.

I know that some of the best Organists situations are held by opulent amateurs, and who take all the money too. If they wish to amuse themselves, let them give the money to a deserving professor who has a large family, or to some charity, and I will not complain. This will tend to make your church music respectable. Do you not think that the celebrated Kent who composed 'Hear my Prayer,' could have written a splendid opera? and he would, but the patronage of the Church rescued him, and hence you have him with many others of that day, in the old country, composers of beautiful and majestic church music.

This very same paper, while it is the vehicle of this absurd nonsense, in almost every number, has given us some sacred words adapted to *dramatic music*, but in this No 10 he has favored us with a '*Hymn for Poland*,' one of those curious pieces that has neither beginning nor end, which the composer has most impiously stolen from the Hunting Chorus in Weber's *Der Freischutz*, a tale of horrors and devilry from beginning to end.'

A. MAJOR.

REMARKS.

The above observations on the music of the Church in this country have suggested the following expressions upon this subject.

A great degree of interest is profesed to be felt for the improvement of Sacred music, by which is commonly meant, the improvement of its practice, in our churches. This feeling is both natural and praiseworthy. If music is worthy of being employed in the service of the Most High, it is undoubtedly becoming and necessary that it should be performed in such manner as to effect its intended object, that of heightening the effect of the sentiment expressed by the words employed. Mankind are musically constituted, if I may so say. *Music operates on the feelings beyond the control of the will*, and this simple fact, carried out in its consequences, is the strongest argument that can be used to show the importance of having music duly performed, if we wish it to be of practical utility. In this country, generally speaking, our choirs consist of amateur volunteer performers. In most cases these persons have but a very slight knowledge of music, and enjoying but seldom the opportunities of hearing good performers, their ideas of taste, style and manner are consequently crude and imperfect. It is generally the case, that some individual who is possessed of more knowledge than the rest, is selected for Clerk or Chorister, and to this person is also generally assigned the task of instructing the members of the Choir. Clerks or Choristers and Organists are a very important class of persons. Their exertions have a most important influence on the progress of music in the country. Church music has a great and pervading influence in forming the taste of a people. If accustomed from youth to hear good music, well performed in the temple where they assemble weekly to worship God, it leaves a deep seated impression on their minds, one which is not easily eradicated in after life. It is to this cause, is mainly attributed the superiority exhibited by the people of several of the European nations in music. They are from childhood accustomed to hear the best compositions ably performed in their churches, and they accordingly imbibe a taste for what is called really good. A mighty power exists with the clergymen in this country, which, as it is exercised for good or for evil, will have the most important influence on the musical character of this nation. Clergymen are in most denominations of Christians, well educated men. As such, however small their own acquirement in the art may be, their general information must convince them how much instruction and laborious study are necessary to attain proficiency in any art, and they ought to know that no art requires deeper study or longer practise than music.

Our aim in these remarks, is to call the attention of the Clergy to the class of men officiating in our churches as organists, choristers and teachers of the Choir, and to point out the great necessity of having this class composed of persons of competent musical information. It is too generally the case that their knowledge is very limited. They are most commonly what are called self taught men, that is, not taught at all—and consequently have but a very imperfect knowledge of music as a science, or the proper mode of teaching it as an art. To any person who knows the length of time there is necessarily spent in studying under the best instructors, to acquire the knowledge necessary to render a man competent to discharge the duty of teacher to others, the presumption of some of this class of men, as well the countenance afforded them by those who ought to know better, is very surprising.

It is becoming very common with a certain class of persons to raise an outcry against theatrical singers, opera singers, and it would seem to extend to all regularly bred professional persons, as if the teaching or singing of sacred music was absolute desecration by such persons.

We believe there is a good deal of interestedness in this clamor. The simple fact is, that people study and listen to music because it affords them pleasure; they see that there are good performers and bad performers, they cannot be insensible to the charms of style, taste and expression when they see one class of men distinguished by the possession of these qualities, and another by their absence, it is perfectly natural that they should prefer the former, it is no use for them who would promote sacred music to pursue a course of this kind; they may rest assured that piety will not compensate for the lack of musical knowledge; and if they wish music taught or sung by persons disconnected with the theatre, the first step is to create a class of teachers equal in musical ability, and afford them patronage enough to render all connection with these establishments unnecessary. We would ask of these persons who clamor against the Theatre, whether they will acknowledge the sublime Oratorios of Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven to be sacred music? If they answer in the affirmative, then we ask where in this country can a body of performers be found, without going to the theatres, competent to perform these works properly. But there are plenty of men, well-educated musical men in this country, fully competent to impart instruction, and therefore qualified for the important stations of Choristers and Organists in our churches, who have nothing to do with theatres.

These men, perhaps do not make any pretensions to sanctity, but they are nevertheless moral and upright in their conduct, and should be employed in preference to those whose chief characteristics are superficial acquirements, and a great show of zeal in the cause of the Church.

We hope the well-educated ministers of the Gospel will exercise discrimination and use that influence which they possess for the encouragement of men of real musical acquirements, as by so doing they will render both music, religion and their country an important service. ***

DUMONT'S BENTHAM.

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BY JOHN NEAL.—WITH NOTES.

CHAP. XIV.—*Section* 1, *continued.*

Wants of the Poor.

Let us proceed to another source, *Voluntary Contribution:* this has many imperfections.

1. Its uncertainty. It experiences daily vicissitudes, as the fortune or the liberality of individuals on which it depends. Is it insufficient?—These conjunctures will be marked by misery and death. Is it superabundant?—It will offer a recompense to idleness and profusion.

2. The inequality of the burthen. This supply for the wants of the poor is drawn altogether from the most humane and most virtuous individuals of society, often without proportion to their means, while misers calumniate the poor to color their own refusal with a pretence of system and reason. Such an arrangement is then a favor granted to selfishness, and a punishment for humanity, the first of virtues.

I say a punishment, because although these contributions are called voluntary, what is the motive from which they proceed? If it is not a religious fear, or a political fear, it is a tender though sorrowful sympathy, which leads to these generous acts. It is not the hope of a pleasure that one purchases at this price, it is the torment of pity(1) which one desires to get rid of by the sacrifice. Hence it has been observed in a country (Scotland) where indigence is restricted to that melancholy resource, that the poor find most relief among that class which is nearest to them in condition.(2)

3. The inconvenience of distribution. If these contributions are given hap-hazard, like alms upon the highway; if on each occasion, there be no third party between the giver and the receiver, uncertainty as to the sufficiency of the gift is aggravated by another uncertainty. How is the degree of merit or want to be appreciated, in a multitude of cases? Will not the mite of the poor widow, enlarge the ephemeral treasure of the wanton? Are there many generous hearts like Sidney's who put away from his thirsting lips, the cup of water, saying—*I can wait: attend first to that poor fellow who has more need of it than I.* Can we be ignorant that in the distribution of these fortuitous gratuities, it is not modest virtue, it is not true poverty, which is often silent and ashamed, that obtains the largest share? To succeed upon this obscure theatre, management and intrigue are necessary, as upon the great theatre of the world: He who can flatter, lie, mingle upon occasion audacity with baseness, and vary his impostures, will have success, which the virtuous poor, naked of artifice, and holding to honor in their misery, would never arrive at—

Les vrais talens se taisent, et s'enfrient,
Decouragés des affronts, qu'ils essuient—
Les faux talens sont hardis, effrontés,
Souples, adroits, et jamais rebutés.

What Voltaire says of talents may be applied to mendicity. In the sharing of voluntary contributions, the lot of the honest and virtuous poor, will be rarely equal to that of the impudent and abject poor.

Shall these contributions be collected into a common fund, to be afterwards distributed by chosen individuals?—This method is preferable, since it allows a *proper* enquiry into the wants and the persons, and tends to proportion the relief; but it has also a tendency to diminish liberality. The benefit which passes through the hands of strangers, the application of which I do not follow, neither the pleasure nor the merit of which I shall have directly, has something of the abstract which chills the feelings. What I myself give, I give at the instant I am moved, while the cry of the poor is ringing in my heart, where there is nobody but me to give succor.—What I give in a general contribution may not have a destination conformable to my wishes: the poor mite which is much for me and my family, what is it, but a drop of water to the sea, in that mass of contributions on the one side, and that multitude of wants on the other? It is for the rich to maintain the poor.—Thus many people reason, and it is owing to this that contributions succeed best when they are intended for a determinate class of individuals, than for an indefinite multitude, for the entire mass of the poor. However, it is to that mass that it is necessary to assure permanent succor.

It appears to me, after these observations, that it may be laid down as a general principle, that the legislator ought to establish a regular contribution for the wants of poverty: taking care that we regard as the poor, only those who want the *necessaries of life;* but it follows from this definition that the title of the indigent, as indigent, is stronger than the title of the proprietor of superfluity as superfluity. For the pain of death which would fall at last upon the destitute poor will be always a greater evil than the pain of disappointment which falls upon the rich, when a limited portion of their superfluity is taken away.(3)

As to legal contribution, it ought not to pass beyond simple necessaries; to go beyond that would be to tax industry for the support of idleness. Establishments where any thing beyond necessaries are furnished, are not good, except where they are maintained at the charge of individuals, who are able to distinguish in their charity and to apply it to specified classes.(4)

Details upon the mode of assessing such contribution, and of distributing the product, belong to political economy, as well as the enquiry into the means of encouraging habits of economy and foresight in the inferior classes of society.(5) We have instructive memoirs upon this interesting subject, but no treatise which embraces the whole question.(6) We should commence with the theory of poverty, that is, with a classification of the poor, and of the causes which lead to indigence, for the purpose of assorting the precautions and the remedies.

(1.) Where then is the '*virtue*' of humanity? N.

(2.) With the poor, a sixpence will be wasted—a guinea kept. They are prodigal for want of *hope*. N.

(3.) If this deduction be established upon a fixed footing, such proprietor knowing in advance what he has to give, the pain of disappointment disappears, giving place to another a little different in its nature, and less in degree.

(4). Look at our poor-houses, our penitentiaries, and our bettering houses! All sinning against this law. N.

(5.) Saving Banks are admirable in this view. They encourage the greatest of virtues—frugality; and reward it in exact proportion to its merit. N.

(6.) Mr Bentham has published a work upon this subject, since I collected his Principles of the Civil Code.—There is an abridgment of it under the title—'Sketch of a work in *favor of the Poor*, by *Jere Bentham*—published in French, by Adrien Duquesney. Paris. D.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

LOVE.

BY ERNEST BERENGER, ESQ.

Sweet Love—sweet Love!—'t is a gallant young ranger—
A wanderer from the bright isles of the blest,
Who long but a homeless, disconsolate stranger,
At last found a shelter in woman's soft breast.

And debarred from the fountain's perennial welling
Through landscapes of Eden,—of Heaven bereft.
Where could he have sought for a lovelier dwelling,
Away from the mansions of bliss which he left?

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

A TALE—FOUNDED ON FACT!

Some fifty or sixty years ago, upon a wealthy and far-famed Island, there resided, in the midst of his vast possessions, one whom we shall style, George, Duke of Albion. Nature might have originally intended him for a clever, respectable, country gentleman, and she certainly *seemed* to have made a trifling mistake in placing him so high among the nobility. As usual, however, she knew what she was about, notwithstanding this great apparent blunder, and nobody ever suspected that he was, or ought to have been, any thing different from or less than, the Duke of Albion, for was he not legitimately descended from all the Dukes of Albion, 'of glorious memory,' for generations back?—Besides, he managed his wife, the proud Lady Albion, greatly to her satisfaction—and in consequence, to his own; and well might she 'make herself contented,' for this was not her first *cara sposa*, and she well knew, by dear-bought experience, that like the frogs in the fable, she might, by petitioning to Jupiter, fare considerably worse. This worthy couple, therefore, jogged on very harmoniously together, and managed the concerns of their large family, in a creditable, and indeed, in most respects, a highly praiseworthy manner, for the lady, though a person of far more powerful mind than her lord, or, we might say, possessing a far more *diversified* genius, still strenuously maintained as every good wife did, in those days, the just supremacy of her husband in all things: yet, (with reverence be it spoken) though she talked long and loud about the propriety and expedience of a degree, at least, of arbitrary government, yet she took very especial care that the Duke should usurp no undue authority, and in fact, kept the balance so nicely adjusted, that it was sometimes justly doubted whether thee said Duke were not in fact a cypher in his own domains—and at others, again, whether the lady herself were not under more absolute authority than consisted with her vaunted liberty. They had, moreover, as few downright quarrels as man and wife are usually allowed, perhaps, (as it was whispered) because, in all their discussions, the good Duke, at last, generally fell in with with his wife's better judgment, the more readily, doubtless, as she did not make shew of any superiority, and, with all proper respect, submitted her arbitrations to the cognizance of her lord and master; and invariably adopted his name and seal in all the rules and regulations of her extensive household.

This happy couple were blessed, or *as it may be*, with many children; but it is one only, a daughter, to whom this history particularly relates, and we shall have no occasion to refer to any other of their offspring, except, perhaps to observe, in general terms, that they were not all equally wayward. This child had been, from her earliest infancy, a source of perpetual anxiety and care to her parents.—Like most bright and intelligent infants, she had never been particularly apt in the art of obeying,—preferred her own inclinations to those of her nurses and directors,—and was continually exciting the fears or displeasure of her parents:—and every year that added to her existence and her knowledge, had increased in due ratio their apprehensions and their trouble.

Even when very young, she had possessed so much intelligence, beauty and good sense,—and had withal, such a provoking independence of character, that the good Duke and Duchess had some reason for the fears they had long secretly entertained, that she might ultimately escape from their jurisdiction,—and some excuse for the strictness with which they guided and governed her, particularly, when it is remembered that they had always been no small sticklers for the absolute authority of parents over their children, and were least of all inclined to waive the good old rules of subordination in her favor.

This daughter, Columbia by name, had a little spice of her father's downright notions, and much of his sober sense; while from the lady Albion, she inherited that very originality and independence of character, which that personage so greatly condemned,—thinking, very laudably perhaps, that young persons are not entitled to the understanding and knowledge, of their elder, wiser, and more experienced mammas. The young lady herself, however, unfortunately was of a different opinion,—and was quite sure that she had as much right to govern herself, and be independent of parental authority, as the eldest and wisest in the land. As some excuse for this sad heterodoxy, we should mention that she had, separate from the territories of her parents, and at a distance from them, a rich and extensive inheritance,—over which they had, in reality, no right,—it having descended to her from her *maternal* grandmother;—a dame, who usually, as in this case, bestows her favors without restriction, however, whimsical, and with whom Columbia had been an especial favorite.

Now Columbia saw, perhaps because she *had felt* in her own person, the greatest defects in her mamma and papa's management of their family, and government of their estates—(or at least of her) and like other inexperienced young people, she longed to shew forth a better example—and felt very sure she could manage better than they did, if she were only left to the sole jurisdiction of herself and her property. In this opinion, strange as it may seem, the Duke and his lady could never agree. They considered her as a self-willed child, who would go to destruction, if others did not kindly hold her back;—who was theirs by every right, human and divine, and who was in the highest degree impertinent and absurd in daring to imagine for a moment, that she had any will, understanding, much less power, separate from theirs. Not that they expressed those thoughts in so many words; ah! no—like tender parents as they doubtless were, they at first made show of indulging her extravagant whims, as they chose to call them,—that is, so far as consisted with the absolute power which they determined, at all hazards, to maintain over her. But as time rolled on, they found this a more difficult task than they imagined. The damsel frequently took it upon herself to evade their commands; to resist their exactions; and to act in a manner altogether beyond the bounds of becoming modesty; often giving forth her opinions uncalled for, and where they were manifestly opposed to their own. Meanwhile, she had been daily and rapidly maturing, and they could not help being prouder than ever of the admiration which *their child* continually excited. And yet she would hardly have been thought such, so different was she from her parents. Lady Albion had always been an extraordinary character, celebrated alike for her magnificent notions of things, and at the same time, her strait-forward method of coming at the truth of them; for the pride and hauteur which rendered her at times unapproachable, together with a certain blunt good-nature, which put people at their ease with her. Wherever she moved, her commanding air, her rank, her dignity, her wealth, always gave, or rather commanded for her, the first place;—no wonder then, that she should expect entire control over her children, and be astonished and indignant at their imagining her other than omnipotent, at least in her own family:—and though, it is probable, that, like many other mothers, she would ever have felt a rising jealousy of the stand Columbia would inevitably take at some future day, yet she would never have condescended to fear her as a rival, had not that strongly opinionative young lady undertaken to mark out her own station in the world, which it must e'en be acknowledged was vastly provoking. 'To think,' said the incensed matron, 'of her daring to fancy herself as capable and discerning as her parents!—her parents, who have given her all the little knowledge and wisdom she possesses;—and demanding the government of herself forsooth—as if she had really some right,—and as if we were the veriest tyrants in the creation;—we, who have been so long celebrated as the very best managers,—and the most prosperous and fortunate of all our neighbors. And of what does the conceited, foolish girl complain?—it is true she must have her master for this, and her master for that, like other young ladies—why should she not?—to be sure we do not permit her to have her own way at all times,—why should she,—and then she should do her part toward the support of our large family, and not expect that the interest of her property should all be for her advantage; particularly, when we have been to so much trouble and endured so much anxiety, all her growing up, and have bestowed on her (or would if she would let us) such an excellent education.'

But with this high-sounding, and *apparently* reasonable course of argument, the young lady herself could never agree. In her opinion, her papa and mamma were, and had ever been, exceedingly exacting,—exceedingly oppressive,—and in short, exceedingly tyrannical!—that they had always claimed her obedience and passive endurance, to a degree that no reasonable being could be expected to give;—that from her earliest childhood, she had never been able to obtain the least indulgence at their hands, without paying so dearly for it, as to deprive it of all its value and advantage to herself when obtained;—that she had been always crossed and checked in her schemes, and was still treated like an infant in leading strings: that she had always felt the strongest desire to reverence, and love her parents, and had obeyed them, as long as she felt it her duty to do so;—and that she considered their notions of order and good government the very best in the world,—always excepting her own!—But she warned her parents very frankly, that she could no longer urge and entreat of their love, but demand her rights of their justice,—and that bitterly as she should deplore a separation from them in displeasure, she should soon be forced to take some decisive step to obtain it,—though she would infinitely prefer to receive every thing from their love, than to force any thing from them as a right.

Now all this sound reasoning, strongly and secretly alarmed these very affectionate parents;—for what would the world say if they should quarrel with their own child! and the Lady Albion in particular, held many long and angry discussions within herself, on the subject, some of her internal feelings and thoughts differing totally with others:—she at length resolved to take a middle course, and try the effects of her specious argumentations once more; and accordingly stated to Columbia, that though her vaunted property might become very valuable at some future time, and by their advice and assistance,—yet was it still comparatively unproductive; and that inexperienced as she was, she must necessarily be unable to manage it without their aid, or even to *exist at all*, without their constant advice and protection. Now these remarks, as it must be confessed, were rather humbling to a young person, just beginning to feel a growing confidence in her own strength and resources, and in the justice of her cause; and were not so cunningly devised as might have been expected, or so calculated to ensure the desired end;—however, the closing argument had more power over Columbia's still affectionate heart, viz: that it was in the highest degree *ungrateful to them* for her thus to rebel at their authority, and reject their kindness. In fact this remonstrance touched Columbia, and she resolved to bear a great deal at their hands, rather than come to an absolute disagreement, confident that her parents, on their part, would soon see their injustice, and peaceably yield her those rights and concessions proper to her age and station.

But poor Columbia found, as she had found before, that promises and pretences were all she could obtain, till at length she distinctly saw, that the string was to be imperceptibly drawn tighter and tighter,—her limits to be rendered narrower and narrower, till under complete, if not nominal bondage, she should, from mere necessity, submit herself entirely to their supreme disposal. But against such a possible alternative, every high and free spirit within her was aroused; and driven to such extremity, she now took the desperate resolution to break, at every risk, from the domestic tyranny imposed on her; and whether sustained in her attempt by friends, *or not*, to make a decided effort for justice and freedom.

Meanwhile, as may be imagined, this affair had excited no little animadversion all over the country. The Duke and Duchess of Albion stood in fact on a pinnacle, and were allowed by all, enemies as well as friends, to be the most highly prosperous, cultivated, and respectable family in the kingdom; and had, in the opinion of most of their neighbors, a most undoubted right over Columbia's person and property (and it was whispered that 'in losing her they would lose the brightest jewel in their Ducal Coronet!') There was one old family, however, quite in the vicinity of the Duke, who fortunately for Columbia, argued otherwise; perhaps, however, if the truth were told, more because of a long standing rivalry with, and enmity toward the parents, than to any uncommon friendship they bore to the daughter, or any particular partiality to the justice of her cause. Be that as it may, Louis, Count de Gallia, with his ardent and enthusiastic spirited lady, looked on the contest which was about to ensue, with no inconsiderable interest,—resolved, if solicited to it with all becoming humility, in the end, to step in and aid her,—thinking with many other wise persons, that those opposed to our enemies, must in time become our friends.

Columbia, among other impositions to which she had been subject, and which indeed was greatest of all, was prohibited from selecting such a guardian for her property and herself, as every wise woman knows to be indispensable to the administration of regularity and order in households as well as governmental. The Lady Albion, in fact, was so well satisfied with the Duke's management for herself, that she entertained no shadow of doubt he would do perfectly well for her daughter also; particularly as while he answered for both, she herself would continue to keep a little, or not a little of the authority; strange as it may seem, in these days of submission to extraordinary exaction on the part of children, Columbia happened to be of a different opinion on this important topic; she had no doubt she could find a help-meet infinitely wiser and more sensible,—at least according to her notions of the government of a family, than her papa, the Duke, could possibly be—or in fact any other Duke in christendom! And she knew moreover, that single and unaided by the wisdom and counsels of enlightened friends, she could not hope to succeed against the tyranny of her parents, should they proceed to extremities. At the present critical juncture however, she had no time to think of a settlement in life,—and however her secret hopes and wishes might have pointed—(for every lady, in a similar emergency, would probably have them) she thought at the time only of how to preserve these rights, and that inheritance, which reason and nature alike had bestowed. Accordingly, at the time she so resolutely declared herself independent of her parents authority, she received as from her champion and counsellor only, the devoted, and as time proved, disinterested services of one, who though neither Duke nor Count, possessed far more than either of these, in Columbia's opinion, all the characteristics of Nature's nobility; and who would, as she fondly expected, not only unite with her in all her wishes and intentions, but by his superior wisdom and ability, render her resistance successful. Nor was she deceived in her hopes!. He to whom Columbia had entrusted her best interests, proved worthy of her highest confidence; he became her protector—her 'preserver'—her best friend,—his name has since become embalmed in the holiest recesses of many hearts, and will be cherished and remembered, long after those of the Duke of Albion, and the Count de Gallia, are lost and forgotten amid the dust of ages!

Force indeed was not wanting to overpower,—nor cunning to overreach,—nor ability to match them; but justice and faith were stronger than either; courage and perseverance prevailed over tyranny,—and full of confidence in her future prosperity and happiness, Columbia was at length enabled to shew off every external weight. Independent of the tyrannical Duke and Duchess of Albion, was not indeed achieved without toil, difficulty and danger; but with the aid of the gallant Count de Gallia, which was asked with becoming deference, yet with the dignity, which being—or imagining oneself to be,—in the right, naturally inspires, it was at length achieved: and though many were the prophecies of their enemies, and many the fears of their friends; though they spent all, and more than all their immediate resources, in accomplishing it, yet Columbia acquired and maintained that liberty, personal and spiritual, which is the native right of all; and with a patience, which united with perseverance, makes a great part of virtue, she was willing to struggle on awhile, against poverty, anxiety, and care, sure that in time, all her sacrifices would be amply repaid. The *Union*, which she soon afterwards deliberately formed, was not made from motives of worldly policy on the one hand, nor, induced by passion or love or power on the other. It contained within itself all the elements of happiness; and Columbia felt a full faith that it would be blessed, then and ultimately, for herself and her posterity. Nor were her hopes too sanguine! years of severe trial at length rolled by, and those of prosperity, ease and comfort succeeded them. Columbia became the joyous and envied mistress of a flourishing and well regulated family, and bid fair to rival and even outvie her aristocratic mamma, the venerable dowager Lady Albion. Indeed, astonishing as it may appear, the proud Duchess actually condescended sometimes to compete with her rebellious daughter and plebeian son-in-law! As time went on, however, both parties happily lost something of that animosity, so particularly unamiable in such near connections. The parents once more began to feel acknowledged pride in the child whose infancy they had watched with no inconsiderable tenderness; and the daughter began on her part to remember the gratitude she owed them for existence, and to forget their injustice and oppression.—The mother began to conceive the *possibility* of an improvement on her own fixed conceptions; and the daughter in the superiority of mature wisdom over youthful inexperience; in short the former made the astonishing discovery that their children were not always in the wrong,—and the latter that their parents might sometimes be in the right.—Yet the mother ventured an occasional broad assertion that her daughter's happiness was based on a *very sandy foundation*, (which, however, we would by no means be so uncharitable as to suppose it afforded her any satisfaction to believe,) and the daughter felt, probably, at times, an undue confidence in herself, and a security in her success, more dangerous than the timidity which might have impeded it.

Reader—the two families whose history we have attempted, in this imperfect sketch, to delineate, are still acting in the busy arena of life! Many changes have passed over, both since the eventful period which disunited forever their destinies, their interests and their affections. The influence of each is vast—greater, perhaps, than either would concede to the other; yet these families should no longer retain toward each other the shadow of enmity;—they sprang from the same maternal stock! they have been educated in a like sphere of life!—their knowledge and acquirements are unequal, only, as their ages and experience, vary;—each has, necessarily, immense advantages unknown to the other, but of which, to that other, they should mutually impart: they owe it to their common Father, their common brethren of the world,—they owe it to each other and to themselves, to lay aside, mutually, every feeling of ancient animosity!—they owe it, first, to their God, because He has blessed each with almost unexampled prosperity, and because He is of a nature which being love itself, cannot look with an approving eye on aught of hatred or unkindness among the children He has created;—they owe it, secondly, to their brethren of mankind, because their examples have been, and still are, beacon lights to all men, which *must not* be extinguished;—they owe it, thirdly, to each other, that the mutual improvement, the mutual instruction, the mutual benefit of friendly intercourse, may be continually increasing;—and, lastly, they owe it to themselves, that an unbroken line of light—unclouded by prejudice and the blinding mists of ignorance, may go down to their posterity. Yes! their posterity call on them from the deep vistas of futurity, to leave an inheritance of glory unstained by delusion, fanaticism, and error. Vast evils doubtless, may hang over each; vast changes are probably in store; either may at some future period, subject to the universal law of humanity, pass first from the stage of existence;—nor can age and experience, or, youth, and imprudence, furnish us a clue to whisper—which! But let not the torch of either go down in darkness!—let it not go out at noon,—let its day and generation be perfect, and leave it to 'a greater than Cæsar' to fix,—declare,—and time, its fate!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

MY JOURNAL.

In the last number of the New England Magazine, there appears an article under the title of '*My Journal*,' which cannot fail to be approved of by every unprejudiced mind that may chance to peruse it. It purports to be the style in which a journalist would write, were he to set about it, and contains a few remarks from a *bona fide* journal which he kept in 183— and intimates that the writer could a 'tale unfold whose lightest word would' oblige us loathsome tobacco-chewing, spitting and money-worshipping Yankees, to drop upon our knee-pans and prostrate our souls—if Yankees have such things—in humble contrition, for having stigmatised our warmest panegyrists (Hall, Trollope, Hamilton, Fiddler, Butler, &c,) as a vindictive band of literary scavengers; scribbling their malicious slanders for hire, without regard to truth or decency. In consequence of the too general prevalence of this ill-grounded opinion, these high-minded, and intelligent foreigners have suffered the 'slings and arrows of outrageous' calumny and vituperation, not only from the open jaws of the rabble, but from every press throughout the country, without the exception even of a penny daily or a two-penny weekly.

The article in the Magazine alluded to, seems to indicate a reaction, which I hope will be followed up without delay; we shall then be convinced how deeply we have wronged these distinguished and talented tourists, who of late have peregrinated our continent, and whose notice in any way of a semi barbarian race—such as we undoubtedly are—would have been a compliment, even had our manifold foibles and weaknesses alone been the objects of their notice; but so far from this being the case, it is most obvious that with that magnanimity so peculiar to all English writers on American manners—our meagre virtues are not only magnified, but placed in the most attractive and brilliant colors; whilst all our prominent vices, our individual and national vulgarities, our gross ignorance of every thing except dollars and cents—by which an American may at once be recognized in any part of the world, are so subdued, so glazed down and entirely buried in the shadow of the background, that even their outline can scarcely be traced.

Pondering on these things, it occurred to me, that a few leaves from *my journal*, kept likewise in the year EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-DASH—might not be unacceptable to your readers. My views of manners and things, correspond precisely with those of the writer in the New England, except that he himself has fallen somewhat into the weakness of which he complains in others, and been to our faults a little blind, for though he tells more than any preceding journalist, he does not tell the whole truth; but it cannot therefore be said that we 'jump not in a just account,' because I happen to jump a little the farthest. for on referring to the dates of our separate journals, it is clear that the space between us could not at any time have been much greater than that between the Siamese twins.

May 10, 183—. Arrived in the city of New York, of which I had some recollection, having resided there until I was three weeks old. I steered immediately for Broadway, which I found without much difficulty, thanks to a good memory, though not without some surprise, at the diminutive size of the houses, coming directly from the old world, with the usual accompaniment of an enlargement of ideas, I could hardly bring myself to believe that I was not in some newly settled village—every thing was reduced in appearance, and I felt like a second Gulliver in the land of Liliput. In this state of bewilderment, I enquired if I was in Broadway, New York, and being answered in the affirmative, I commenced walking in the direction of the City Hall, ruminating on the miniature appearance of things around me, when suddenly I found myself in front of a looking-glass store—and was mortified at the insignificance of my own reflections.

I felt desirous once more to behold the church wherein I underwent the ceremony of christening, of which circumstance I had a most perfect recollection. I roared most lustily—an evil omen, my parents thought, and indicated a future opposition to the cold water system. Those sad forebodings however, I dispelled as soon as we reached home, by modestly requesting my parents, the next time they had occasion to have such a ceremony performed, to seek out a clergyman not addicted to chewing tobacco; for though I had no objection to receiving a name, if a good one—nor to a sprinkling with cold water, if clean—yet would I prefer to dispense with both rather than suffer his reverence to spatter tobacco juice in my eyes 'at every word's deliverance.' But this is going a little too far back for a journal of 183—; therefore to return to Broadway, in which I continued my walk, seeking for the church aforesaid. Finding myself in front of an apple-woman's stall, I enquired if a neat gothic looking dog-house, in the range of my walk, situated as I thought, in a gentleman's garden, was near St Paul's church?

Lord love you! replied the poor woman—that isn't a dog-house, that's St Paul's church.

What! said I—can it be possible that that is St Pauls and not a dog-house!—that I was christened there?

Oh, said the apple-woman in the honest simplicity of her heart, I don't know what it was when you was christened there, but it is St Paul's church now.

Quickened my pace, and soon found myself opposite Clinton House, which I entered, it being the hour of breakfast, and took my seat with some thirty or forty others at the ordinary—and oh, earthquakes! how was I shocked at the swallows of my countrymen;—the rapidity with which they devoured their food would absolutely have put a Pelican to the blush. In nine minutes, just as I was about to take my first sip of coffee, all except four or five rose or rather jumped from the table, and after a lapse of three minutes more, the rest rose up, and I had the whole table to myself. On examining the plates of the last sitters, I discovered that they had been working against odds—all except themselves having been supplied with three-pronged forks, which being stronger than forks with but two prongs and capable of bearing a heavier load by one third, from the plate to the mouth, it follows of course that the two-prongers would require one third more time to get through their task than the three-prongers. The introduction of three-pronged forks into this country, is much to be regretted, and I hope the time is not far distant, when the Chinese single prong, will supersede both the treble and the double prongs now in use. As to dinner, it was so disgusting an exhibition, that had I a pen plucked from the wing of a cormorant, I doubt not it would disgorge its contents in a foul blot, ere half the loathsome details were recorded.

12th. Shuffled up Broadway—it seemed as if a regiment of beauties had just been dismissed after parade. Dear pets! how lovingly they looked—I forgot all about breakfast and dinner—the narrow streets and diminutive houses, and felt proud to be a native of the same land. But oh rainbows! what dresses—what ribbons, frills and flounces—what puddings and bristles! I do not hesitate to declare that if a New York lady were to exhibit herself on the Boulevard in Paris, equipped in her Broadway dress, she would most assuredly be burked—not to supply the surgeons with her little anatomy, but to furnish dry-goods dealers and india-rubber cloth manufacturers with a supply of stock.—Visited the Battery, a beautiful walk as they call it; though it is nothing more than a wharf overgrown with grass, in consequence of the general stagnation of mercantile business.

14th. Dined at Mr M*****'s, whose house has the reputation of being one of the most splendid in the city. It is a frame building; but so well painted in imitation of brick, as to deceive an ordinary observer. The interior is neat, and furnished with cherry tables, and walnut chairs; but no sculpture, no pictures, except the tiles round the fire-place. This seemed strange, as the owner is undoubtedly very wealthy. After tea, visited Miss *****. On entering the parlor, I discovered several gentlemen endeavoring to persuade a young lady to occupy the seat at the piano—she remained silent; but by a violent shake of the head, gave a negative reply to her suitors, who now moved to another part of the room, and made application to another young lady, who, though she neither refused by word or shake, seemed equally unwilling to comply, until she was literally dragged up to the instrument,—when for the first time she opened her mouth; ejected into the fire-place about a gill of tobacco juice, took out a quid which she laid on the sound-board, and sang something about 'Perfumed gales around me float,' and 'lips with nectar teeming'—after which she resumed her quid, her former seat, and her lock-jaw. I expressed surprise that she did not, after the manner of the first mentioned lady, signify her unwillingness to play by a shake of the head, as she dare not open her lips—and was informed that this would have been too hazardous as a pound or two of false ringlets which hung clustering about her shoulders. The party now began to increase, and I found myself at length in a portion of society so much more refined than any I had yet met with, that I almost imagined myself among the lower orders of the old world. Such people, however, are not appreciated in the vulgar circles of New York.

New York, take it for all in all, is the most disgusting and abominable place I have ever visited. The streets are literally paved with dead cats and dogs—the interstices filled up with tobacco-quids, the dregs of mint juleps and putrid vegetable offals. The low debauchery of every kind to which its inhabitants are addicted—their profligacy and unbridled licentiousness, render it the most deplorably wicked of all cities either in the old or the new world.

What New York writers mean by the beauty of their city it is difficult to ascertain. The only building having any claim to notice, except a private dwelling for Mr Astor, not finished by the by—is a white frame *ten-footer*, as they say in Boston, called the City Hall. As to their promenades, such as the Battery, the Park and Hudson square, he three combined, would hardly afford sufficient room to swing a cat in. Since writing the above, I have been several times to New York, but have never met with anything to induce me to alter my mind in any respect.

May 16—Philadelphia. Whilst in Europe, I could always distinguish a Philadelphian from other inhabitants of the United States, by his superior deportment and address. Philadelphians generally dress better, speak better English, and look more like gentlemen, than any other class of Americans. Indeed some of them—I mean those most distinguished for gentlemanly accomplishments, might almost pass in England for noblemen's lackies. Philadelphia is far superior to New York, in every thing but the means of getting money. The streets are broader—that is you cannot absolutely shake hands with a passenger on the opposite side of the street, without one or the other of you stepping off the side-walk. The buildings are more worthy of notice, than those in New York—particularly the Banks, the principal of which is called (ironically I suppose, it being rather small) the Monster bank. It is a frame building, painted in imitation of marble, though by no means a good imitation—the cheat can be detected across the street. It is rumored that its President is about to become a candidate for the office of President of the U. S.; should he be elected, of which there is no doubt from all I can learn, he will make use of the bank as a dwelling, it being necessary that the President of the United States, reside in a white house.

There are several other banks in the city, which, though they do not approach mediocrity, are still not to be considered superlatively contemptible. At a little distance from the city, I perceived a very respectable looking dwelling, as I thought, going up—such a one as a retired London tradesman would not be ashamed of; on enquiry, however, I learned that this was a college for the education of all the poor children of the city. It was founded by a French banker, who in this country might be considered very wealthy—his income amounting almost to as much as that of an English nobleman's butler. One curious feature of Philadelphia is, that the dwelling houses have wooden shutters *outside* the windows in a street row, therefore they are liable to get materially injured, whereas by putting them inside, they would be protected by the glass and sash.

17th. Called on Mr *****, an agreeable, and for an American, an intelligent gentleman—one of the literary lights of the country; but almost smothered in politics.—Went to *****'s to a small party—rather pleasant. I found the ladies better educated, and of course more like Europeans than any I had seen. Many conversed together in French with a degree of purity that would have been no discredit to an English lady's waiting maid. But I can see no use in female education in this country, so long as the detestable custom exists of shuffling married ladies out of society and supplying their places with young misses scarcely in their teens, who can talk of nothing but their baby-houses and dolls. Miss ***** sings remarkably well for an American, and will one day equal the best ballad singer in London. There was much good music at this party. A young lady, apparently not more than six years of age, seized the crank of the hand-organ and ground out Yankee Doodle without missing a single note. There were several musical boxes and a bird-organ playing all together, which was delightful. I understand the art is more cultivated in Philadelphia than in any other city, which is surprising, as the largest musical academy in the country, as I am told, is situated within a few miles of New York.—The New Yorkers, I understand, are very proud of this institution, which, from all accounts, is in a very flourishing condition. I regret that I did not visit it during my sojourn in New York; but my motto is *nil desperandum*—. The time may yet come when I shall find myself within the walls of *Sing-sing*.

July 8th. Started for the store of Carey, Lea & Blanchard—on my way stopped at a Sheriff's sale of the stock of a respectable grocer, with whom I entered into conversation, and learned that his failure was owing entirely to the scarcity of brown paper, in which to wrap up his goods.—I asked him why he did not use newspapers—to which he replied, that newspapers now-a-days were nothing more than vehicles of editorial filth, that soil everything they touch. I would not venture to wrap up a stick of blacking in a piece of newspaper of the present times. Why, sir, a few days since, a gentleman remarkable for the delicacy of his manners and language, purchased of me half a dozen cigars, which I unthinkingly enclosed in a piece of one of our most respectable dailies. The gentleman on reaching his home, sat himself down with a lighted cigar in his mouth, about half of which he had consumed, when he suddenly rose up and commenced railing at many of his nearest and dearest friends, in the most abusive and vulgar manner—using language that would have disgraced Ball Alley, or the purlieus of Southwark. Immediately opposite the grocer's, I discovered the sign of a trunk-maker, and having occasion for a small travelling valise, I entered the shop. I observed that nearly all the trunks were lined with leaves from the N. E. Magazine. I enquired of the shopman if common brown paper or newspapers would not answer his purpose better than Magazines. No, said he, they would not answer my purpose at all; for in the first place they are worth more, and in the second place I can't get a newspaper that has not got General Jackson's name in it, and I have more respect for the old Roman than to paste him inside of a trunk! and as to brown paper, it is not to be had.

Well, said I, do you patronize no other magazine than the New England?

O yes, said he, I buy a great many others.

Glancing my eye round the shop, I espied a single copy of the Knickerbocker. Oh ho! so the old Dutchman is among your favorites!

Not a bit of it, said he, it is a worthless publication—I can never get a copy of it, that is not so thumbed, worn, soiled and torn, as to be unfit to paste in any thing—I wonder people encourage it; now the leaves of the New England are not only clean, but never even cut, so that I can paste down a whole sheet.

Having selected a valise lined with the New England, I desired the patron of American literature to send it to my lodgings, and in five minutes I found myself in the bookstore of Carey Lea and Blanchard—picked up a volume of the Dunciad—(still thinking on what had just passed) which I accidentally opened at the first book, my eye lighting on the word Magazines in Roman capitals, I read the following remarks and wondered if trunk-makers in the time of Pope, like those of our time, were wont to patronize monthlies.

MAGAZINES—The common name of those upstart collections in prose and verse, where dullness assumes all the various shapes of folly to draw in and cajole the rabble.—The eruption of every miserable scribbler; the dirty scum of every stagnant newspaper; the rags of worn-out nonsense and scandal, picked up from every dunghill, under the titles of Essays, Reflections, Queries, Songs, Epigrams, Riddles, &c &c. equally the disgrace of human wit, morality and common sense.'

Looked over some of C. L. & B.'s publications, and was soon satisfied that there was no scarcity of brown paper, but rather a monopoly. These publishers have a heavy account to settle with their consciences, for converting grocers' wrappers into book-leaves, and that too, merely to accommodate a class of poverty stricken and wretched plebeians, who cannot afford to buy expensive volumes, and who affect to relish an entertaining tale once the [illegible] for being printed on brown paper, [illegible] as they have no time to read except by candle light, and they find that the reflection from pure white paper is [illegible] to the eyesight [illegible] by the stupid Dr Kitchener.

If the tastes of society—the working classes, [illegible] gratified in their extravagant desire to [illegible] which they cannot understand, why not have a [illegible] where the [illegible] may be [illegible] and still more wretched [illegible] supplied [illegible] offering them for sale in the most fashionable stores in Philadelphia, to shock the refined taste of that class of society whose gratification alone ought to be the aim of every publisher and bookseller.

Picked up a small pamphlet purporting to be Illustrations of Mrs Butler's Journal, by Johnston of Boston. Decidedly the most lamentable failure since Hogarth's illustrations of Paradise Lost—it is ever thus when a contemptible caricaturist becomes so stupidly presumptuous as to step out of the ridiculous, into the sublime and beautiful. It is difficult to say which of all these sketches tends most to prove how wholly incompetent the artist is to enter into the lofty feeling and comprehend the poetical out-pourings of this highly talented lady whose tender sensibilities he has outraged. Well may she exclaim, as she did, on reading the life of Byron, 'save me from my friends!' One scene selected for illustration, is a rain-storm (vol 1, p 228) which for sublimity of description stands without a parallel. Let any prate of 'yawns of bellowing clouds'—Thompson of 'Unsunken floods and solid torrents'—Maturin of 'The strife of fiends on battling clouds'—Byron of the 'Big rain dancing on the earth'—Shakspeare of showers of 'stinking pitch'—but alas, how like mere sprinkles seem all these compared to a shower of cats and dogs. 'It poured cats and dogs and the streets were all gray pudding.' What a conflict of elements is embodied in this little sentence!—how poetical!—how forcibly does it convey to the mind, that by turns the storm was spitting and categorical, howling and dogmatical. And how has Johnston illustrated this delightful passage? Why by conceiving it in its literal sense, and representing the overcharged heavens pouring forth a stream of cats and water spaniels. I blush for the man's mental opacity, and hope he never will again venture so far beyond his depth. As to caricaturing, I am sorry to say that too much encouragement is given to this species of satire, which ought not to be tolerated in any case, much less when its aim is directed against those entitled to the respect and admiration of the world—and how often do we find that even the *greatest and best* are not allowed to pass unscathed. I remember hearing the gallant Col Pluck describe with great glee, some caricatures of himself, which had been exhibited at some of the shop windows in Philadelphia. When caricatures are made of such persons, they serve only to overwhelm the caricaturist with indelible disgrace. But unfortunately disgrace will not kill him—indeed he is not to be killed, for which reason he is of all bugs the most annoying. Attack him with that most powerful of all weapons, the pen, and he will show fight—annihilate him, and he won't stay annihilated—run him through—show him up to view on the nib, like a fly on a pin, and he will wriggle himself off, fly at you with his pencil, and in turn show you up in his next sketch, with all the disgusting exaggerations of face and figure that render the resemblance equally striking and ludicrous. Nay more, once having secured you on the end of his pencil, you are at his mercy ever after, and liable to be thrust into any thing, either as a prominent figure in the fore-ground, or as a supernumerary in the back-ground—to fill up a blank, or supply the place of a dead wall. Again I say, your caricaturist is the vilest of all bugs.

As to the journal of Mrs B., I hope soon to hear that the English publishers are about to bring out a second edition with twenty or thirty illustrations from paintings by Leslie. Indeed if the book were got up in a style similar to the last edition of Rogers's Italy, there can be no doubt its sale in this country alone would be productive of a rich pecuniary harvest to the publishers, and establish for them a claim to taste and judgment beyond that of any other publishers extant. To speak of the work merely as one of the most interesting books of travels in the United States, would be ungenerous however true. The work holds a much higher claim to commendation, and may safely be recommended as one of the most instructive books that can be put into the hands of our young females. Its pages will instil into their minds a hallowed love of truth, for whose dear sake, the divine authoress is in one instance obliged to raise her lovely hand, with a pen in it, against the dear author of her existence; and record—no doubt with her eyes as full of tears as her pen was full of ink, a disgusting and humiliating scene where her father entered the room *rather elated*—and on another occasion, vol 1, p 184, she says—'I am sure there is no town in Europe where my father could fix his residence for a week without being *found out*.' An 'ambiguous giving out,' which the Boston haggling manager thought quite supererogatory. Moreover the work is valuable, inasmuch as its pages will teach our daughters patience under the most trying afflictions. Take for instance the following from vol 1, p 116. 'Wrote journal—while doing so, was called out to look at my gown, which the worthy milliner had sent home—

I am—I am an angel! Witness it Heaven!
Witness it earth, and every being witness it!
The gown was *spoil'd!* Yet by immortal patience
I did not even fly into a passion.

She took it back to alter it. Presently arrived my wreath, and that too, had to be taken back for it was nothing like what I ordered. *Now all this does not provoke me.* Again, vol 1, p 233. 'On my return found my black satin gown every atom of which will have to be unpicked—*pleasant!*' Now let me ask if your country can boast of a single young lady, capable of bearing afflictions so provoking as these with even tolerable patience?' Not one, and yet the divine Fanny, 'in suffering all things suffers nothing,' and absolutely calls her afflictions pleasant.

But my journal is becoming tedious, and I close for the present. I intend to visit the good city of Boston before long, when a few more extracts may be expected.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1835.

NOTICE.

☞ The Office of the New England Galaxy is removed to No. 32, Congress street.

PEREGRINATIONS.—No. II.

Why are measures suspended to place a fence round our Common? We will not say a handsome one, but some fence or other? Is the fault in the head of our city government? We cannot believe it. He has done too much to ornament our city—he has shewn too much taste in other improvements to be lukewarm here. Is it owing to a want of liberality in the wealthy citizens whose estates border on this beautiful green? Can it be so? Must we believe this?

A day or two since we passed through Tremont street on a ride to Roxbury. The Common, instead of appearing like the valued grounds of a flourishing city, whose citizens boast of their education and taste, looked like a monument of decay, or of gross negligence and want of all public spirit. The fence is rotten and broken down—too far gone to be even mended. It is a disgrace upon us while it remains thus. Let us hope that immediate action will be taken upon it. If those whose purses can bear an encroachment upon their premises, and whose estates will be increased in value by the improvement, will not do anything, let the city put up a plain but substantial enclosure. Nothing can be gained by delay.

So the hand of improvement has laid her revivifying touch upon the old mansion of Mather Byles—and the dwelling has been shorn of its fair proportions. We always loved that house: for of all the mortals to whom retrospection turns with affection and interest, none excite in our breasts more pleasant thoughts than the witty, eccentric Mather Byles!—We see him now as we ride by—taking the musket from the red-coat guard and pacing gravely to and fro before his own door while the soldier is buying his dinner. Funny Mather! thy house was one link in our minds between the present and the past. It brought back the stirring scenes, the heart-thrilling incidents of other days—and now it is but half of itself—it has lost its venerable look of antiquity in its metamorphic covering of new clapboards! Well, Mather, we can afford to have our sensibilities wounded for the greater convenience we enjoy in turning the corner. What would the punning parson say should he for a moment visit this nether sphere—He would exclaim—Verily they have made a wide furrow into my possessions! They have brought sorrow upon my gray *hairs!*—Ichabod! Ichabod—thy glory hath departed!

A short time ago we [illegible] our [illegible] domicil, to visit the last remnant of the Byles'. The old lady received us cordially, and soon were we seated at our ease in a very high-backed chair. After some conversation, the ancient dame turned to us and said, in a very smiling way, 'Do you sit easy, sir?' 'O, yes, madam,' answered we, adding something by way of compliment. Soon she asked again—'Do you sit very comfortably, sir?' 'Yes, madam, very—very.' 'Well,' observed she with a significant shake of the head, 'I'm glad you do—*for you are sitting under the crown!*' And sure enough on the back of our chair was the gilded insignia of royalty! We did not make any demur to our situation, but suffered her to enjoy her joke.

She is a true loyal subject of the English monarch: and often does she fervently ejaculate—God save our lawful Sovereign, King William the Fourth! Little thinks that august ruler that there is *one* in the United States, who has lived all her life in the rebel city of Boston,—who snuffed the breeze of Liberty that blew from Bunker's Hill,—and dwelt almost within sound of the voices of those who 'in olden time' made Faneuil Hall ring with the shouts of freedom, yet is still his faithful subject. It were worth the while for the monarch to pay a visit to this solitary loyalist—he can find no truer one we warrant in all his realm.

Now let us make a digression. How great a sacrifice of personal comfort, wishes, or whims should a man make to society? The ground is perhaps too broad—we will confine it then to one particular—when a man builds a house, is he not bound by propriety and justice so to construct it, and so to place it as that it shall be an ornament to the street on which it stands, as well as a comfortable home?

We hold that he is: and furthermore, so much are we enraged at the villanous irregularity with which some men build, that we should be glad to have strict law to force a man to respect the eyes of the public. It is far easier to attain regularity at first than to transmit the smoothing-plane to the hands of posterity.

We have apostrophised thus, for a violation of all proper decorum in this respect met our eyes during our ride. It is at the commencement of the Dedham road, where it emerges from Roxbury square. A man to gratify malice and injure his neighbor has set his house in the very street—not only effecting his object but, like a fool, injuring himself. Where are the Roxbury authorities? Have they not the same power to move mountains, fences and houses which the city corporation enjoy? Let them look to this. It has destroyed the beauty of the street—and should be taken notice of, if only for the spirit which prompted the nuisance. Let them look to it. H.

DIED, in Ipswich, on Tuesday last, from the accidental discharge of his gun, Mr Walter Stedman, clerk in the counting-house of Freeman Fisher & Co.

It is with painful, heartfelt sorrow that we record the death of this young—this estimable man. Honorable mention of his sad departure has been already made by our public prints—but he was our *friend*—one in whom we have confided—whose joys we have sympathized in—whose sorrows we have deplored—and with a trembling hand we pay to his memory this tribute of respect and love.

His character was one which took a peculiar hold upon the feelings. In friendship, he never stopped to calculate the advantages which might accrue to himself from the connection,—but he opened his whole heart—his was the hearty grasp, the warm, kind words, the pleasant, open smile, which speak a noble, trusting soul. He made his companions feel that their company and conversation gave him pleasure—and his loss to them is doubly severe.

Generous was he almost to a fault. While we write, the instances of his kindness throng on our memory, and yield a melancholy pleasure now that he is no more. He gave his heart—his purse to his friend—and was more than repaid by the satisfaction of creating happiness. He was one of the first to discover and appreciate the talents of Mr C. H. Eaton, and by every means in his power, exerted himself to place him on the path to fame. The end was accomplished—and long will Mr Eaton, however successful he may be, dwell with a pang of sorrow upon the remembrance of him who proved himself a true—a helping friend.

Eager for knowledge, he was ever improving himself, and was even enthusiastic in his pursuit of self-cultivation—but as we write, more and more his virtues crowd on us.—Peace to his early grave! H.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MEPHISTOPHILES, Messrs Ticknor. Why call it a novel? It has neither plot or natural incidents, or any of the characteristics of that description of literature. Give things their right names, and their value will be better appreciated—for prejudice will not influence decision. The book is a satire—and a very keen one. For those who like it, there is plenty of blood and thunder. We have no leaning to the mysterious and awful, and therefore cannot express a decided opinion on this portion. Many parts are humorous, so that another taste will be gratified. The devil, as the title imports, is a prominent personage in the work—and, by the by, no supernatural agent of any kind, or for any object can be introduced, which can be more effective. Men (and women) have most of them, had interviews with his majesty in a small way, and they feel a reverence for the old gentleman. H.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U. STATES—*for children.* We say of this without hesitation, that it is a *necessary* work.—Children should know well as far as they can understand, the government of their country. Too little attention has been given to this. We have not had time to peruse it as attentively as we could wish, but if it be no where tinctured with party spirit, we wish it well. H.

PARLEY'S ALMANAC. Mr Colman. Glad are we to see this work—and proud are we to praise it. Just the thing for *our* children—indeed, what has old Parley given that isn't just the thing? H.

A GRAMMATICAL DISSERTATION ON THE ITALIAN LANGUAGE. By F. M. J. Surault. The occasion which called forth this pamphlet, is one that merits particular attention. It is in answer to an Appendix to the New England Magazine for June—which contained a criticism upon Mr Surault's 'Grammar of the Italian Language.' This criticism was violent and rancorous,—unjust and unworthy of the man who wrote it, who is in the pamphlet before us, properly unmasked. It was dictated too, by malice and not by a wish to do good, and should be visited by severe reproof.

We blame the Editor of the Magazine for inserting it. We hold that the conductor of a public journal is responsible for *every line, every word* that he publishes. He cannot, he *must* not say that the article was written by another—for therein he condemns himself. If an Editor be *once* found to love *sarcasm* rather than *truth*, and indulge in wit that unjustly wounds, his opinion *thenceforth is good for nothing*, or ought to be so. This criticism should never have been permitted to disgrace the pages of a journal; a single question of the editor's would have discovered the *motive*. Mr Surault's name is too well known to be injured by the growls of disappointed men; but we are glad he has come forward to tell the public what he thinks of the attack. H.

The grand muster passed off well—the fight was finely managed and gave a true idea of the reality. The troops looked well—the generals deserve great praise for the admirable arrangement of matters. The spectators as usual, were every where but where they should be—much embarrassing the movements of the troops. No serious accidents took place. Some twenty passengers were upset in Washington st.—'going to muster,'—none hurt. We saw a chaise upset and a gentleman and lady thrown into about a foot perpendicular depth of dust—neither much injured, but the chaise almost demolished.

TOM POP. Our *borrowers* complain of Tom Pop—but parents tell us that it is just the thing. We told a complainant that if he had read his *neighbor's* Galaxy in which was the first part, he would have seen that it was for children.

SCRAPS AND LOOSE THOUGHTS.

Mr Maelzel says that the best Chess Player on his Turk has encountered are in Boston. Yankees [illegible] are good calculators, therefore we [illegible] not at this. Mr Maelzel has just completed a new and large 'conflagration,' with which he will proceed to Havana. He has sold his old one to a company of gentlemen who will exhibit it first in Portland.

If a piece of composition be sent anonymously to an Editor, we hold it is his property—to cut and slash upon as he pleases. If he accept an 'article' from an established writer, he is trespassing if he do more than suggest alterations to the author. He has no right to lay a finger on it himself. An author's faults are as much his own as his beauties.

A man who flatters the woman whom he loves, thinks meanly of her mind, or is wanting in sense himself—And the woman who can receive flattery from one who has shown how much he appreciates her, by giving to her his heart, is unworthy its possession.

Sympathy if sought, is unwillingly bestowed.—If unsought, it is freely given.

Young men, not yet in business, will not be seen without a handsome coat,—for this is all that they depend on for distinction. But as soon as they stand on their own foundation, they had as lief be seen in an old coat, as a new one.

The English High School of this city lately admitted seventy three to the Freshman Class—over eighty were presented for admission. We have been during the past year, concerned in administering instruction within its walls, and we can speak freely and fully of its merits. Bostonians should be very—very proud of it. I would send a son to it sooner than to College, for the actual knowledge he would gain, and the discipline of his mind and morals. Messrs Miles and Sherwin are excellent instructors—worthy of all confidence.

Branches of—Families. A school sign in —— street says 'Small children twelve and a half cents a week—*other branches higher*.'!

☞ The Atlas has charged with horse, foot and artillery on the puffatorial crew. This week it has served up the New York Mirror in a dose concocted of the puffs in the Sunday Morning News and other papers, said to be controlled by the Editor of the Mirror, together with the '*tickle-me*' notices of other publications, whose editors, it is the will of the Mirror to place on the pinnacle of renown. The Atlas is right, barring always its own theatrical notices, which Mr Barry himself could not improve in fulsomeness. The system so common, of opening the columns of a paper to foist upon the public every one that pays for an advertisement, is a shameful one, and should not be countenanced. Book-publishers, newspaper editors or exhibitors of Industrious Fleas will find no quarter or even a corner to trumpet their own fame here. We are determined, come what may, that while we have a say in the management of the GALAXY, there shall at least be one INDEPENDENT PRESS. H.

VERY GOOD. We made complaint last week of the manner in which Brook's Letters were murdered by the printers 'down East.' In answer, the Advertiser of Tuesday says, 'it is not so much in the *printing*, as in the miserable *paper*, manufactured in Massachusetts.' H.

☞ Will the Editors of Journals when they copy our Senior-Editor's articles, credit them to the Galaxy, instead of to 'Neal,' or 'John Neal.'—*All* the world do not *know* that Mr Neal is connected with the Galaxy.

The Warren News-Letter credits an article, entitled 'Western Eloquence,' to the New-England Galaxy. It is wrong—it did not originate here. We should be obliged to sundry papers, however, if they would be honest for once and credit us with 'May Martin.' H.

FOUR times have we furnished one of our subscribers with duplicate papers, for those stolen by a brother boarder. This we have willingly done; but the next time, we intend to send a bill to the borrower for a year's subscription. H.

SUBSCRIPTIONS. As the publishers have adopted an *invariable* rule to answer no orders for the paper from persons out of the city without subscription money or a reference, no one can consider himself particularly offended by a refusal. If they forward to some, and neglect others there would be ground for complaint—but no distinction is made.

THE NEW YORK HERALD,—the smartest, sauciest, and liveliest paper of its size,—ay, or any other size that we exchange with, has not come to us this week. It is published by J. Gordon Bennett.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF TOM POP.

CHAP. III.

(*And last for the present.*)

Well and so, as soon as they had got back to Portland, Mr Page went to find a good school for Tom Pop, and the very next day, they brushed him up and washed him all over, and packed him off to Mr Boyd, the schoolmaster.—And Tom was a very good boy at school, and every body began to love him; and after a few days down came old Jotham Pop, from the country, and bought a house with a little gorden back of it, and a nice little front yard for grades and flowers; and Tom went to live with him, and his little sister Melia Pop, and all the rest of the Pope—pussy Pop, and Cæsar Pop, and Toddle-te-waddle-te-pop.

And Tom Pop loved his grandfather very much, and used to say his prayers to him every night before he went up to bed. But sometimes he would forget what his grandfather had told him; and one day when he was coming home from school and walking very slowly, he saw a great many little boys by the pump, all talking together, and some of of them had large stones in their hands, and others were laughing and bawling as loud as they could, and saying to one another, Ah you missed! you missed!—You can't hit the mark, butter fingers!—Butter-fingers yourself! and a great many more such things which poor Tom couldn't make any sense of.

At last Tom stopped entirely, and asked one of the boys what they were doing—

Doing! said the boy—I'll show you! And with that he up with a stone and let fly at the windows of an old house which they had been moving, and left in the middle of the street.

Oh, here's Tom Pop!—here's Tom Pop!—let him try!—he can hit it if anybody can!—said two or three of the other boys. He's a famous fellow for throwing stones!

Tom knew 'twas wrong to stop on his way from school—his grandfather had told him so, and he didn't mean to stop, though he loved play *almost* as much as he loved his book; but he thought to himself—Why! there's no harm in looking on, while the rest of the boys try to hit the mark—and maybe if Grandfather was here, he'd stop and look on himself, for I know he loves a bit o' fun, and I've heard him say so—

Come Tom!—come Tom!—lets see you try!—that's the window! cried the boys, pointing to an upper garret window.

Stand clear!—stand clear, all of ye! Tom Pop's goin to try—hourra for Tom Pop—hourra! hourra!

Now Tom Pop didn't mean to try at all—for some how or other it seemed to be not exactly right for boys to be breaking glass with stones—but before he well knew what he was about, he had taken a large stone that a boy offered him, and flung it, and missed! And then, how the boys did laugh! And some of them began to point their fingers at him, and to throw up their hats and bawl out, hourra for Tom Pop!—Tom Pop forever!—Oh, he can hit it—he can hit anything!—Hourra for Tom Pop.

And now Tom began to feel angry, and very much in earnest, and without stopping to think of his old grandfather, or of Mr Page or to ask if anybody lived in the house, he began to look about for a stone, but the boys were too busy themselves throwing and laughing at him, to offer another, and at last he saw a piece of broken brick, lying on the pavement, and he picked it up and threw it with all his strength, and *hit the mark*, and when it passed through the window all the boys hourraid again for Tom Pop and then they heard a great crash—and they were so frightened at the noise, they all run off, and some of them hid themselves. And poor Tom, he began to be frightened too—and to feel very sorry and ashamed, though he didn't know then what mischief he had done, and how wicked he'd been. But now, the more he thought of what he had been doing, the naughtier it appeared to him. Why, said he to himself, as he was trudging home very slowly, just dragging one foot after the other, why, that old house may belong to somebody, and maybe it belongs to poor people, and then, what right had he to break anybody's glass? What *will* grandfather say, and Mr Page—and what would poor dear mother say, if she was alive now—and then he began to cry—What *would* she say? She [illegible] to tell me never hurt anything, nor do any mischief, nor ever stop in the street when I was going to school, or coming home—Oh, what would she say! There's old Dinah too—I'm sure I should be very sorry to have her window broken; and what will she say, after giving me so many pies and cakes and goodness, just because I was such a good boy and loved the poor people. Oh, dear! oh dear! I don't want to go home at all. And he was turning away to go up another street, when he saw Old Dinah herself right before him, with her two crutches and short cloak, hobbling off towards his grandfather's. Tom loved her, and wanted to see her, but some how or other, he couldn't run after her now—he felt assured she would ask him if he had been a good boy, for that was always her question whenever he saw her. So he turned up another way, and jumped over a fence, and ran home as fast as he could and crept up stairs to his room, and staid there. But he didn't feel happy, and the longer he staid there all alone by himself, the more unhappy he felt. And then, after a while he began to feel cross, and to say to himself, maybe Old Dinah is coming to see grandfather to tell him about the bad boys—and then he began to feel as if he didn't love Old Dinah, nor Grandfather Pop—nor anybody in the world, but his little sister Melia Pop, and even her he didn't love so much as when he was good and happy.

At last he couldn't bear it any longer, and so he pulled off his shoes and crept down the back stairs, and thought he would just take a peep at his old grand father, and then slip off to bed without his supper; and while he was going there he heard his old grandfather cough, and he stopped in the entry, and while he was considering what he should do, he heard old Grandfather Pop wonder where on earth Tom was—Tom that was always such a good boy, and never loitered when he was coming from school or going an errand. Poor Tom couldn't stand this—and so he opened the door, and crept softly up into the chimney corner, and stood there waiting for his grandfather to speak to him. But old Grandfather Pop was a little hard of hearing and a little blind in his old age, and though he looked up when the door was open, he didn't see Tom, and didn't know he was there, because Tom always used to run up to him, the moment he got into the house, and put his arms round his neck, and give a double handful of kisses. At last Old Grandfather Pop began to feel uneasy, and was just saying again, why something must have happened to the boy!—And just then the door opened and in hobbled old Dinah, and when she spoke to Grandfather Pop, never waited to see what she had to say, but asked her if she had seen any thing of his poor little Tommy.

Why there he is now! said Old Dinah—dropping into a chair and pointing with her crutch at Tom as he tried to hide himself in the corner.

And so Tom was obliged to come out and show himself, but before his grandfather could make him tell what he had been doing, poor old Dinah began to rock in her chair, a-sing out oh dear!—oh dear!—What shall I do! What shall I do! And then she up and told how some very wicked boys had broken nearly all the glass in her poor mistress's house.

Ah—hey!—what! said old Jotham Pop; what was that for?

Oh, Sir! said old Dinah, nobody knows. We had been obliged to move away, and the countrymen left it in the middle of the street, and we had shut it all up, and covered all the windows below, intending to move it in the winter when the snow was on the ground and it wouldn't cost so much. And now, O dear! O dear! What *will* she do, said old Dinah.

She is a poor widow, isn't she? said Grandfather Pop.

Yes Sir—with three little children; it took all the money she could rake and scape together to move it where it is now, and now she has got to buy, oh, ever so much glass! before she can live in it—

Dinah! said Old Grandfather Pop, taking hold of his crutch as if he was going to knock somebody down, say Dinah!—do you know the names of the boys—just give me their names, and I'll teach em to break your glass, I'll warrant ye!

Well Sir—there was Jerry Poor, and Tom White, and Jake Smith, and Asa Robbs—

Now, Old Grandfather Pop was a justice of the peace, and he said he would have all these naughty boys taken up directly and punished for what they had done; and if they couldn't pay for the glass, they should all be sent to jail.—And then he asked Dinah how much it would cost to buy new glass, and she told him, ten dollars, if not more.

Now poor Tom Pop had been standing by his grandfather's chair all the time, afraid to look up or to speak, and expecting every moment Old Dinah would mention his name; but when he found she didn't he began to feel sorrier than ever, and more ashamed than ever. And then his grandfather spoke to him—and said—well Tom!—so here you are, hey?—and where have you been, ye dog ye!—Come, come Dinah, don't take on so—for Dinah was crying—don't take on so. If all the boys about were like our Tom, you wouldn't have any trouble with them?

Oh no indeed Sir, said Old Dinah.

And now Tom, said his grandfather, as you have heard all about these naughty boys—maybe you can tell me something about them, hey?

Poor Tom began to feel dreadfully. He couldn't bear to tell a wrong story, and yet he was afraid to tell the truth; and so he hung down his head and began playing with his finger.

Come Sir! speak up like a man, said Grandfather Pop.

Oh, Sir, he doesn't like to tell, said Old Dinah, Tom is too good a boy for that—he is no tell tale.

Tell tale or no tell tale, said his grandfather, I must have the truth out of him, and what's more, I will!—So out with it, Tom, and lets hear what you know of the business.

And with that Tom up and told a part of the story—how some of the boys threw stones at the window as he was going by, and broke some of the glass.

Ah—the little rascals!—they shall pay for it though, I promise you, said Old Jotham Pop. But I say though Tom, I hope you never go with those naughty boys hey?—

No indeed, that he doesn't! you may be sure o' that, Squire Pop said Dinah—for most of the people used to call grandfather Pop, Squire Pop—No, no! Tom is too good a child for that; he wouldn't break a poor widow woman's glass, I'l engage. How do you think little Tom Pop felt when he heard this?

For two or three minutes, he couldn't speak at all, and when he did, it was only to say in a whisper, dear Grandfather—please take all my money—and give it to poor old Dinah will ye?

What all! Tom, said his grandfather—

Yes Grandfather—please.

Why Tom, do you know there's above a dollar now, enough to buy a sled, and ever so many tops and balls, and playthings for little Melia—

Tom began to breathe hard—but he stood too bravely—yes grandfather, said he, yes all—all—I don't want any playthings now—and then he began to cry.

My generous boy, said his grandfather. How proud I am of you.

Oh no Grandfather, don't say so—you mustn't be proud of me—you mustn't praise me so—I'm not half so good a boy as you think. Don't Grandfather, pray don't!

Poor little dear, said Old Dinah!—how tender-hearted he is.

No, no, Dinah, no, no, said Poor Tom, I am not tender hearted—and I can't bear to be called so. And then he up and told his grandfather and Dinah, as well as he could for sobbing, how he had been with the naughty boys.

Grandfather Pop held up both hands.

Yes Grandfather! and that isn't the worst of it—for I threw a great stone——or two.

Oh my child! said Grandfather Pop—how could you do such an evil thing!

I don't know indeed Sir—but I didn't break much, not more than one square I think—I hope—I am almost sure;

I only threw twice and once I missed—pray forgive me Grandfather, and you too, Dinah, will you please to forgive me; and just take all my money, and give it to the poor widow woman and tell her how sorry I am, and tell her I mean to save all I can get for her; and give up all my playthings. Oh Grandfather, how glad I am now that I followed your advice when you told me I'd better not spend my money for sugar-plums and cakes; and when he said this, he crept up to his grandfather on tiptoe, and kneeled down and laid his head in his grandfather's lap; and the good old man's mouth trembled, and the water stood in his eyes, and he said to poor little Tom, as soon as he could speak—

Thank God my dear boy, that you have told the truth!—You have disobeyed me—by stopping to play in the street and you have broken the poor widow's glass—and for that I am very sorry; but you have told the truth, and for that I am glad enough to forgive you all the rest—so kiss me, my brave boy, and lets try what we can do to make up her loss to the poor widow.

But Tom didn't feel quite so happy as he expected after all; and when his grandfather asked him what was the matter, he said—

I didn't tell a wrong story grandfather, did I? You only asked me if I saw the other boys—you did not ask me if I threw stones, did you?—And then he grew very red in the face, and began to feel more ashamed than ever.

No, said his grandfather. You did not tell a wrong story—but you did what was almost as bad—you concealed the truth and at first, I am afraid, wanted to deceive me, and make me think better of you than you deserved—didn't you, my boy?

Yes Grandfather.

Well, well—that's enough—you may go to bed now.

And so Tom, having kissed his grandfather, and Melia, and old Dinah, and bid all the rest good night, went off up stairs; and when he was just ready to jump into bed—he knelt down and prayed to his Heavenly Father to forgive him and make a good boy of him, and bless every body in the world, and make everybody happy. And then he jumped into bed and was almost asleep, when all at once, he began to think of the terrible crash he heard when he threw the brick-bat, and he began to be afraid that he had not told the whole truth after all—and so there he lay—thinking and thinking—and trying to go to sleep all night long—and wishing it was light enough to get up. And as soon as he could see, up he got, and went down into the wood-house, and tried to play, till it was time for breakfast; but he couldn't play—he felt so unhappy somehow—and the moment he had done breakfast, he started off to school, and there he kept thinking and thinking, with his eyes on the book all the time, but he couldn't study at all, he could hardly see the letters, they were so blurred, and when the master spoke to him, he wouldn't hear what was said more than half the time; and when the school was over he went straight home, and wouldn't stop a moment, though two or three boys ran after him and told him Jerry Smith was going to be put into jail. Oh no, I can't stop—I can't! I can't! said Tom, and he began to walk faster and faster, and they followed him, but the more they said to him, the faster he walked, though he couldn't help hearing what the boys had to say.

Why, said one, I know it was Joe Poor that threw the brick, for I saw him.

I say twasn't, said the other boy—it was Jerry Smith I tell ye.

I tell ye twant!

I tell ye twas!

Oh, said Tom Pop—what will they do with him!

And then Bill Hovey up and told how Jerry Smith had thrown half a brick through the window of that old house, and broke a looking glass that had been left there by mistake, worth ever so much money, and how he would have to go to jail for it, and stay there till he had got money enough to pay for it.

And how is he going to get money enough there to pay for it, I should like to know, said poor Tom Pop, with his heart in his mouth—he felt as if he was choking.

And now poor Tom began to feel worse and worse; but he kept walking along, walking along with the boys, listening to what they had to say, and wishing himself at home in his little chamber. But just when he had got in sight of his grandfather's door, he began to think that maybe he had broken the glass himself—and the more he thought of it, the more sure he felt—and so he turned to the other boys and told them he would go and see the trial. And when they had got into the court room, they saw little Jerry Smith standing up on a bench, and a tall man standing by him, dressed all in black; and there was another man there, he was the judge, and he was up in a high chair. And just as Tom got inside the room, the judge said, take the prisoner away to jail and keep him there till he pays the money, or till somebody pays it for him.

And with that little Jerry Smith began to cry, and wanted to see his mother, and said he didn't throw the brick, and he didn't break the glass, and then he would cry to go to his mother, saying—where is mother! Oh let me go to mother! And all the boys began to pity the poor little fellow, and as for Tom, he stood still with his mouth shut close and the big tears running down his cheeks, till he couldn't stand it any longer—and then he grew very pale, and wanted to speak to the judge but was afraid. But when the officer took hold of little Jerry Smith to lug him off, and the child began to cry for his mother, Tom called out to the judge—

Please Sir! is that the brick on the table there that broke the glass?

The judge looked at him a moment, and then said, yes, my little fellow—that's the very brick.

Then Sir—Jerry Smith didn't throw that if you please.

How do you know he didn't, my boy.

Because I threw it myself Sir, said Tom Pop.

You threw it yourself! Do you know what you are saying, my little fellow? Do you know that Jerry Smith is going to jail, and that if you threw the brick, we must let him go home to his mother and you will have to go to jail for him?

Yes Sir—

Well then, once for all, my boy—did you throw that brick?

Tom grew paler and paler, and trembled very much, but at last he spoke and said—Yes Sir, it was I.

How do you know? said the judge.

I know it by the shape, Sir; and I know that Jerry Smith did not throw a brick—there was only that piece of brick to be found. And then Sir, I heard the noise inside, and we were all frightened and ran off the moment after I threw. Indeed Sir—and indeed. I believe it was I that broke the glass.

And then the judge considered a few minutes, and then he said to Tom Pop—you are a good honest boy, and I am sorry I cannot forgive you, and let you go for having told the truth like a man; particularly as Old Jotham Pop is a poor man, and very honest and respectable; and so, said the judge, you must let Jerry Smith go home to his mother and take little Tom Pop off to jail, and keep him there till somebody comes to pay the money and take him out.

(Remainder next week.)

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Caroline Raymond,' and 'Lines on a Youth about to Sketch his Mistress,' which was mislaid, and 'Fat Folks,' next week. 'The Artist Boy,' we like very much—it shall have a conspicuous insertion. Our correspondents must pardon us for delays, for so much excellent matter have we on hand, that we are straitened for room to express our own cogitations. A notice on the Drama which we had prepared is in consequence knocked into pi. We shall find room for one next week if possible.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.
FOREIGN.

FROM EUROPE. The Ship United States has arrived at New York and brought papers from Liverpool of the 8th August—

ENGLAND. The house of lords was still engaged in hearing evidence against the reform of the municipal corporations, on the 7th. On that day the remaining clauses of the Irish church bill were agreed to in committee of the house of commons.

Wool to the amount of nearly half a million of dollars was sold in Liverpool during the week ending 7th August.

There had been a riot at Hamburgh, and an attack on the Jews, whose houses, to the number of twenty, had been much injured.

SPAIN. There was an alarming riot at Barcelona on the night of the 25th of July. Six convents were burnt and the monks and friars butchered. The rioters are represented to have been royalists, and their anger was directed against all suspected of being Carlists. Similar scenes had taken place at Tarragona and Reus.

The two armies were in sight of each other on the first of August.

IRELAND. There was an alarming riot at Dublin on the 2d of August, growing, as usual, out of the dissensions of the Orangemen and the reformers. Between twenty and thirty thousand persons were assembled, many armed with bludgeons, knives, pikes, stones, &c. Two companies of the 80th regiment, and the city horse and foot police were summoned, and succeeded at length in quelling the disturbance, but not until several persons were severely wounded. An other accout says the assemblage could not be short of sixty thousand.

FRANCE. The solemnity for the late Marshal Mortier other victims of the 28th July at Paris, was fixed for Wednesday the 5th, when the Post Office and other public establishments where closed at an early hour and no business done at the Exchange.

It is said the assassin Fieschi, is the very same person recently employed by the Parisian police to watch the movements of the Duchess of Berri.

The woman, Petit who lived with Fieschi, has been arrested and also other accomplices. It is supposed she can give the most valuable information.

Carel, the Editor of the National, and the other Editors who wher arrested on the occasion of the attempted assassination, have been set at liberty.

At a sitting Aug. 4th, of the Chamber of Deputies, the President of the Council ascended the tribune and demanded new and extraordinary powers to preserve the country. The Minister of Justice submitted three bills to the Chamber—the first, to modify the existing legislation on the press—he averred that measures were absolutely necessary to render a republican and carlist press impossible, as their existence was incompatible with the principles of government.

FROM SMYRNA. Extract of a letter received by Messrs Topliff—Up to the 6th of July all was quiet at Constantinople. Preparations were making for the marriage of the second daughter of the Sultan with Mustapha Pacha, the private Secretary of H. M. It was reported that the sister of the Emperor Nicholas would honor the nuptials with her presence, attended by a brilliant cortege.

The British Minister for Persia, Mr Ellis, was expected daily at Constantinople, in a steam frigate, on his way to Trebisonde, and some apprehended a refusal of the usual permit from the Sultan. Constantinople was free from the plague, and only a few cases in Smyrna.

The large enforcement of the Sultan at Koniah, is supposed will operate against Ibrahim Pacha.

DOMESTIC.

MUNICIPAL. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday,

George L. Deblois, Samuel Hatch, and Aaron Smith, licensed as Auctioneers.

Warrant granted to Wm H. Coombs, 2d Assistant Foreman of Engine No 2.

Petition of Ephraim L. Snow and others, offering to take charge of Engine No 14. Referred to the Committee on the Fire Department.

Petition of Samuel Hammond and others, to have the elevation of Somerset street reduced. Refered to the Committee on streets, with full power.

Petition of the company of Rifle Rangers, for additional accommodation for an Armory. Referred to the Committee on Public Buildings, with instructions to open the several alcoves in all the Armories.

Petition of Jeremiah Fitch and others, to have the carriages removed from Brattle square. Referred to the City Marshal.

An additional lamp to be lighted at South Boston.

Adjourned to Monday next, 4 o'clock, P. M.

There has been a riot at Oron, Maine, which originated in a quarrel between a Yankee and an Irishman, the former of whom came off second best. The Bangor Advertiser says ;—'On the 1st instant hand-bills were posted up, directing the rioters to an Island, where the Irish lived : about two hundred men proceeded to the scene of destruction, making the most horrid outcries and uttering fearful imprecations on their victims. The onset was so frightful, that the Irish, men, women and children, fled from their houses, when the work of destruction commenced on the largest building, (about 100 feet long) the roof was broke in, the sides stripped, and the whole left in a state of complete demolition.'—*Salem Gazette.*

The removal of the Rev. Benjamin Hale, professor of Chemistry by the Faculty of Dartmouth College, has produced considerable excitement among the friends of the College. A paper, in the vicinity of Hanover says—'The interests of literature at Dartmouth are, in our opinion, in the hands of the most imbecile, inquisitorial cabal that ever figured in the halls of learning.'—*Salem Gazette.*

The British yatch Gem, cleared on Tuesday morning for Waterford, (Ireland) via. Baltimore. We learn from Messrs Topliff, that the Marquis of Waterford and Lord Beresford will embark in the Gem, at Baltimore, for home, the latter having received a severe injury by a carriage running over his leg—thus putting a stop to their further travels in the United States.—*Transcript.*

The Bunker Hill Aurora makes an earnest appeal to our citizens for aid in supplying the wants of those who suffered by the late fire. Eighty-eight families have been found in greater or less distress—and the means in the hands of the Relief Committee are alogether inadequate to the emergency.—*Morning Post.*

A French cook refused to accompany the Duke of Richmond to Ireland, with a salary of $1800 per annum, because there was no *Italian opera in Dublin.*

STEAM FRIGATE. Orders have been received at the N. York Navy Yard for constructing a new Steam Frigate.

SHARP SHOOTING. An artillery company beloning to the village of Poughkeepsie, went out a few days ago to fire at a target, but they did not succeed in hitting it.—They intend to get a larger target and try it again.

ROBBERY. The jewelry store of J. B. Thaxter, of Hingham, was entered on Saturday night and robbed of a large amount of jewelry, spoons, spectacles &c. On the same night, the meeting house of the Rev Mr Brooks was broken into, and the red silk damask pulpit curtain stolen.—*Trans.*

The alarm of fire on Wednesday evening, was caused by the burning of a house and barn under the same roof, on the estate of Mr Samuel G. Perkins, in Brookline.

The Dorchester coach, with nine passengers inside and nine outside, turned over at the corner of Summer and Sea streets, on Wednesday. None of the passengers were injured.

THE THREE FREE BLACKS who arrived in Mobile as passengers in the ship Warsaw from New York, have been shipped for the latter port in the same vessel.

GILBERT STUART NEWTON, the artist, died at Chelsea, Eng. on the 5th August, in the 40th year of his age.

PIRATE. The brig Eutaw from Philadelphia was robbed of sundry articles by a piratical schooner, with four guns and thirty or forty men, on the 24th of August, in lat. 34, 56 N., long. 50, 40 West. The pirates said they were 48 days from St. Jago bound to Africa.—*Jour. Com.*

The fourth of the granite pillars for the poticos of the new Court House, was brought into the city Monday evening. We learn from Briggs Bulletin, that in crossing Milton Upper Falls Bridge, which was unable perfectly to sustain the immense weight, one of the wheels fell through, but by quickly securing the other and applying jackscrews, the wheel was extricated in about five hours.

THE WOODS. The New-Yorkers are in extatics about these charming vocalists—A correspondent of one of the papers declares that it is impossible to sleep after hearing them sing 'it keeps such a ringing in his ears.'

THE DIORAMA OF THE DEPARTURE OF THE ISRAELITES which has been exhibiting in New York since it left this city, was entirely destroyed by the burning of the building in which it was exhibited, on Wednesday last, at noon. In the attic of the same building a colored man was suffocated—the rapidity of the fire was so great.

NEW JEWELRY
ESTABLISHMENT,
LAWRENCE WALKER'S, No. 83, Washington-street, Joy's Building—
Where may be found a great variety of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES of every description, and the latest style of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.
☞The above stock is of recent selections, consequently of the newest and most fashionable patterns, and will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere.
april 18 is3m

BLANK BOOKS AND
STATIONARY.
CONSTANTLY for sale, by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington-street, a complete assortment of Blank Day Books—Ledgers—Journals—Wastes—Sales Books—Cash Books—Manuscripts—Memorandum Books—Note and Receipt Books—Writing Books, &c. &c.
Blank Books manufactured to order, after any pattern required.
Stationary of all kinds—Cap, Letter, Pot, Folio, Post and other Paper—Quills—Slates—Wafers—Ink—Drawing Paper—Music Paper—Drawing Pencils, &c. &c.
Blank Deeds—Bills of Lading—Leases—Bills of Exchange—Drafts—Warrantee Deeds—Mortgage Deeds, &c. &c.
☞Warranted on as good terms as can be purchased in the city. 1m july 18

BOOTS AND SHOES,
FOR CASH,
AT VERY LOW PRICES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY
THOMAS C. WALES,
No 195 Washington Street

FANCY PRINTING,
CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, BLANKS, STORE AND SHOW BILLS,
PROMPTLY EXECUTED
IN THE NEATEST STYLE AT THE
GALAXY OFFICE,

STRAW CARPETINGS,
AT A REDUCED PRICE.
100 PIECES Straw Carpetings, received this day, of a superior quality, for sale at a very reduced price by ELIAB STONE BREWER.
july 25 414 Washington street.

NEW STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES.
A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city. Also a general assortment of Shoe Stock.
For sale on reasonable terms at No 22, North Market street by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.
N. B. Howell's Blacking at wholesale.
feb 14 tf

PARLEY'S ALMANAC
FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 25 cents. Terms to the Trader liberal, from whom orders are respectfully solicited.
S. COLMAN,
Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co.
may 2

SUMMER STOCKS.
A beautiful article of silk bristles STOCKS, for summer wear, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st.
june 6

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE
THE Subscribers have formed a connection for the transaction of a General Commission Business, under the firm of BRUCE & RICHARDS, at 33 and 34, Commercial wharf.
Refer to Messrs.
ROB'T G. SHAW & Co. and
EDW. & WM. B. REYNOLDS.
BENJ. BRUCE,
july 4 JOSEPH L. RICHARDS.

BLEACHED AND BROWN
AMERICAN COTTONS.
ELIAB STONE BREWER, No 414 Washington St. offers for sale per piece or yard, 100 cases and bales of Bleached and Brown Cottons as follows—
Cases of Bleached 9-8 Cocheco Sheetings
do do Lawrence Superfine Shirtings,
do do Hamilton 9-8 Sheetings & Long Cloth,
do do Waltham Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Elliot do do
With a variety of low priced bleached Sheetings & Shirtings.
Bales of Brown Shirtings,
do do New Market Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Waltham do do
with a large assortment of low priced brown Sheetings and Shirtings.
Bleached and Brown Drillings.
Also—Bales of 6-8 and 4-4 Pengrove, Methuen Company Assanpink and Sharon Tickings.
Sewing Cotton by the case or pound.
The above goods were brought before the rise of Cottons, and are offered very cheap. feb 14

MRS. GRISWOLD'S
SUPERIOR OINTMENT.
MRS. E. GRISWOLD respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she continues to keep for sale a constant supply of her SUPERIOR OINTMENT, which can be had of Mr. HENRY WELSH, (whom she has appointed sole agent to sell the same,) at his Store, No. 235, Washington street, three doors south of the Marlboro' Hotel. This invaluable Ointment is prepared only by herself;—it is purely a vegetable preparation—warranted free from all poisonous ingredients; and well known to thousands who have used it, for its safety and efficacy in curing Rheumatism, Bruises, Sprains, Burns and Scalds, sore and swelled Breasts and the various humors incident to the human system.
☞Mrs. G. returns her sincere thanks to her former customers, for their liberal patronage, and solicits a continuance of their favors; but, to prevent counterfeits, which have been imposed upon the public, all who wish to obtain the genuine article are hereby informed, that it can only be had of her at 283 Washington street, or of her agent, as above directed.
april 4 3m

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The unexampled success of this Juvenile Work, which has now been before the public two years, and circulates in every state of the Union, has encouraged the publisher to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious parents and teachers could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of youth. Whatever can be devised to improve the style and beauty of the work, and more especially to make it *useful*, shall be constantly introduced. *Juvenile Music* is introduced and will, it is believed, be to parents and teachers, one of the highest possible commendations. The pieces are supplied by Profs. Mason & Webb, of the Boston Academy of Music. To those who are desirous of examining the work, a specimen number will be furnished *gratis*.
The publisher has much pleasure in being able to give the following names of the principal Teachers, Professors and Clergymen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Hertford and Boston, among those who have *given their signatures* to "the full, approbation of the work, as well calculated under the present arrangements to be *useful* and worthy of extensive patronage."

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Francis Waters, Select Academy.
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S B Rittenhouse, Prin. Male Public No. 1.
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C D Cleveland, Select High School.
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Rev John W James, Asst. Minister Christ Church.
W H Delancy, D D.

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Rev Horace Hooker, Editor Conn Observer.
Rev C C Vanarsdalen, Pastor 2d Church.
Rev Joel Hawes, Pastor 1st Church.
Rev G F. Davis, Pastor 1st Baptist Church.

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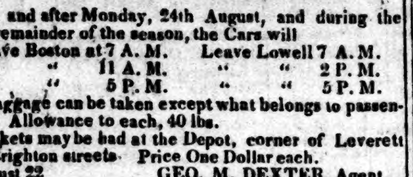
Published by S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. and will be supplied on the day of publication in Portland, by Colman & Chisholm; New-York, Nelson & Hall; Philadelphia, John M. Gummey; Baltimore, Richards & Sons; Washington, D C, Duff Green; Richmond, Va. Richard D. Sanxay; Buffalo, N. Y., T. M & M Butler; New Orleans, Charles H. Bancroft.
may 2

STOCK FRAMES,
BINDING SKINS and BUCKLES, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

GREAT ATTRACTION.
JUST ARRIVED AT CONCERT HALL.
☞FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY.☜
JOICE HETH, NURSE TO GEN GEORGE WASHINGTON, (the Father of our country,) who has arrived at the astonishing age of 161 YEARS; will be seen at Concert Hall, corner of Court and Hanover streets, Boston, for a SHORT TIME ONLY, as she is to fill other engagements very soon.
JOICE HETH is unquestionably the most astonishing and interesting curiosity in the world! She was the slave of Augustine Washington, (the father of Gen Washington,) and was the first person who put clothes on the unconscious infant who in after days led our heroic fathers on to glory, to victory, and to freedom. To use her own language when speaking of the illustrious Father of his country, 'she raised him.' Joice Heth was born in the Island of Madagascar, on the Coast of Africa, in the year 1674, and has consequently now arrived at the astonishing
AGE OF 161 YEARS!
She weighs but forty-six pounds, and yet is very cheerful and interesting. She retains her faculties in an unparalleled degree, converses freely, sings numerous hymns, relates many interesting anecdotes of General Washington, the red coats, &c. and often laughs heartily at her own remarks, or those of the spectators. Her health is perfectly good, and her appearance very neat. She was baptised in the Potomac river and received into the Baptist Church, 116 years ago, and takes great pleasure in conversing with Ministers and religious persons. The appearance of this marvellous relic of antiquity strikes the beholder with amazement, and convinces him that his eyes are resting on the oldest specimen of mortality they ever before beheld. Original, authentic and indisputable documents prove that however astonishing the fact may appear, Joice Heth is in every respect the person she is represented.
The most eminent physicians and intelligent men, both in New York and Philadelphia, have examined this *living skeleton* and the documents accompanying her, and all *invariably* pronounce her to be as represented, 161 *years of age!* Indeed it is impossible for any person, however incredulous, to visit her without astonishment, and the most perfect satisfaction that she is as old as represented.
☞A female is in continual attendance, and will give every attention to the ladies who visit this relic of bygone ages.
She was visited at Niblo's Garden, New York, by *ten thousand persons* in two weeks. Hours of exhibition from 9 A. M. to 1, P. M. from 3 to 6, and from 7 to 10, P. M. Admittance 25 cents—Children 12 1-2 cents.
sept 12 2w

THE FIRST EXHIBITION AT THE
AMERICAN GALLERY,
SUMMER STREET,
OPENED on Wednesday, June 17th, at 7 o'clock with a collection of 150 Paintings, most of which are the works of American Artists, and have not been before exhibited in this city.
Admittance 25 cents—Season Tickets 50 cents. Catalogue 12 1-2 cents. H. C. PRATT.
june 20

BOSTON AND LOWELL
RAIL ROAD.

ON and after Monday, 24th August, and during the remainder of the season, the Cars will
Leave Boston at 7 A. M. Leave Lowell 7 A. M.
" " 11 A. M. " " 2 P. M.
" " 5 P. M. " " 5 P. M.
No baggage can be taken except what belongs to passengers. Allowance to each, 40 lbs.
Tickets may be had at the Depot, corner of Leverett and Brighton streets. Price One Dollar each.
august 22 GEO. M. DEXTER, Agent.

CORRECTED PROOFS.
UNDER the above title, it is proposed to publish in one volume, a selection from the Miscellaneous Writings of the Subscriber, embracing such *Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c.*, as he deems most worthy of collection, revision and republication ; confining the standard of comparison altogether to his own writings.
It will be handsomely printed on fine paper, and neatly bound in cambric. *Terms*, Cash on the delivery of the book. *Price*, to persons ordering one copy, one dollar ; to those ordering more, and to the Trade, the trade deduction. It will be put to press, when orders are received to warrant the undertaking, and determine the number of the edition. H. HASTINGS WELD.
*** Subscriptions received by E. R. BROADERS, 127 Washington Street, at this Office, and at the Office of the BOSTON PEARL, No 19 Water Street. q sep 12

HINGHAM UMBRELLAS.
FOR SALE AT No. 61, WATER-STREET, (UP STAIRS,)
CASES 32, 30 and 28 in. extra superior English Gingham UMBRELLAS, stamped borders ;
Cases 30 in. do do do do do Plain ;
do 30 and 28 in. Black American do do ;
do 30 in. do English do do very superior;
do 30 and 32 in. Blk Silk UMBRELLAS, French style ;
do 28 in. Gingham UMBRELLAS, bone stick.
Also—Double Foundation MUSLINS, constantly on hand. 3m july 11

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS
HOVEY, & CO. Horticultural Seed Warehouse, 79 and 81 Cornhill, have just received, in the Galliot Venillia, from Rotterdam, a fine assortment of Summer Bulbs ; consisting of Tuberoses, Amaryllis Formosissima, Gadiolus Nataleusis, Tigridia Couchiflora, &c.
june 20

FOR THE DEAF.
THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.
They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.
For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52. Water st.
may 16 istf

STOCK AT COST.
THE Subscriber having concluded to close his business, offers for sale his stock, with a lease of the store now occupied by him. The above presents a fine opportunity for any one wishing to commence business, the stand being first rate, and having its share of good customers. The stock will be retailed at cost, and consists of a good assortment of Wrought and Plain Shell and Horn Combs, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Engravings, &c ; a few copies of the French engraving of the Declaration of Independence on hand, which will be sold low, to close them. J. FRANCIS KIMBALL,
july 25 6w 16 Hanover-st.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS
DR. KING informs his friends and the public that he continues to prepare and affix to buildings, his improved Lightning Conductors ; they are approved by all practical and well informed Electricians, as affording superior protection against Lightning to the old form.—Gentlemen in want of Lightning Conductors are invited to call at his rooms, No. 54 Cornhill, Boston, where they may be satisfied of the superior effects of his Rods, by illustration ; where also may be had, Plate and Cylinder Electrical Machines, Galvanic Batteries and their apparatus—all warranted of the best workmanship, and superior power ; prices reasonable, for cash or approved credit. july 18

THE ORIGINAL
GOLDEN COMB.
A. S. JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, *alters and repairs*, Combs in the neatest manner and at the lowest prices. All work warranted. tf may 22

PHRENOLOGY.
PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.—A Manual of Phrenology, written in a plain and practical style, by Silas Jones, Practical Lecturer, will shortly be issued from the press of the subscriber. S. COLMAN,
may 2 Publisher for the Trade.

FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.
JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic FEATHERS ; South American HAIR ; first rate FEATHER BEDS ; HAIR MATTRESSES ; CUSHIONS, &c. &c.—which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No. 18, Union street. istf may 9

WATCHES & JEWELRY.
THE Subscriber offers for sale, at No. 13 Court st. a fresh stock of Gold and Silver Lever, Anchor and Escapement, Lepine, and common English, French and German Watches ; French and German Mantel Clocks ; gold and silver Spectacles ; Jewelry and Fancy Goods ; at prices, at least as low as can be found in the city.
Personal and careful attention given to the repairing of the most delicate and complicated, and also the more common Watches ; Clocks of every description repaired, and on application immediately attended to at any part of the city, by an experienced workman.
june 13 3m WM. H. KEITH.

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON.
ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale *TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON.* The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.
april 25 414, *Washington-street.*

DRY GOODS,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
THE Subscriber, intending leaving this part of the country for the South, about the first of August next, offers for sale the whole of his extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, and Lease of the Store No. 414 Washington street, and the Stock will be sold at very reduced prices at retail, until closed.—Among which are the following varieties viz—
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Athenian Cassimere, Rouen Cassimere, Athenian Camlets, &c. &c.
4 bales of superior Welch, English and American Flannels. Some of them are very superior, and are warranted not to shrink in washing.
2 bales of Angola Flannel, an excellent article for summer wear.
1 bale Domet Flannel.
4 do col'd American do.
4 do col'd Dometts.
3 cases of superior English Cambric Dimoties.
1 do do Furniture Dimoty.
1 do col'd Poult de Soie Silk, at 3s per yard, of an excellent quality.
Cases Irish Linens, of superior quality.
Cases of English and American Prints.
Cases and Bales of brown and bleached Cottons.
Cases of white Cambric and Cambric Muslins.
Cases of Bishop Lawns, from 20c to 5s 3d per yard.
1600 ps Nankin and Canton Straw Carpeting.
Cases of Taylor's Persian Spool Cotton, at 3s per dozen, or 5c per Spool, warranted of very superior quality. Cases of Spool Cotton, at 6d per dozen.
1 case of Open Work Cotton Hose, at 1s per pair.
Cases of 4-4 and 6-4 Bobbinet Laces, from 9d to 5s 3d per yard. 1 case Grecian do superior quality, at 2s pryd.
1 bale Russia Damask 6-4 and 8-4, a very durable article for Table Cloths.
2 cases India and English Silk Hdkfs.
2 do col'd Table Cloths, assorted sizes.
1 do col'd bordered cotton Hdkfs. imita. L. C. at 9d each. 1 do Linen Hdkfs.
4 do American Sewing Cotton.
5 bales Russia Crash.
3 cases Linen and Cotton Tapes.
1 case English Pins.
7 bales of Tickings, assorted qualities—and a great variety of other Goods, which will be sold in proportion.
ELIAB STONE BREWER,
may 30 No. 414 Washington street.

DR. J. K. PALMER'S
Compound Fluid Extract of
SARSAPARILLA AND CUBEBS.
For removing Diseases which are caused by an impure state of the blood—Syphilitic, Scrofulous, and Rheumatic Affections, Excessive use of Mercury—also for Gleet, Leucorrhœa, &c.
THIS article is now prescribed by some of the most distinguished Physicians, who have given it the preference to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla yet offered to the public.
The use of Sarsaparilla as an alterant and tonic medicine, is becoming more and more extensive; and although many forms are given and recommended for preparing this root for the patient, few, if any of them, contain a sufficient quantity of the virtues of Sarsaparilla to produce any medicinal effect. This is owing principally to two causes—either the bad quality of the Sarsaparill, or the imperfect manner in which it is prepared. It is a desirable object that there should be some standard preparation of uniform strenght, possessing all the virtues of this root in the most convenient form for immediate use.
From experiments which I have made, it appears that Sarsaparilla requires much boiling and at a high temperature, to extract all its virtues. I have caused an apparatus to be so constructed that the steam is partially compressed, and the temperature raised much higher than can be done in an ordinary boiler. This enables me to prepare a Fluid Extract which contains all the virtues of the best Spanish Sarsaparilla in a concentrated and convenient form, each bottle containing the virtues of a pound of the root, combined with Mezerron, Guaiac, Sassafras and Cubebs.
Two table spoonsful of the Fluid Extract, added to a pint of simple syrup, makes the Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, and the same quantity added to a pint of water forms the Lisbon Diet Drink. Two grains of Corrosive Sublimate, carefully dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol or water, and added to the syrup above mentioned, will make it in every respect similar to a pint of Swaim's Panacea.
Prepared at the Tremont Laboratory, and sold by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, Boston. june 6

BUTLER'S
EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT,
FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous weakness, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The suprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomium, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most peculiar remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed ; it restores the appetite, and gives tone, strenght, and energy to the system. Travellers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a desirable article : it prevents any accumulation of bile, is portable, and the method of preparing an unusually convenient. Prepared by H. Butler, Chemist, London.
Sold wholesale and retail by *PALMER, JONES & BLAKE*, American House, 44, Hanover street, sole agents for the city of of Boston. june 6

Compound Syrup ICELAND MOSS.
FOR the cure of Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and Consumption.
ICELAND MOSS grows plentifully in the Island of Iceland, from whence it takes its name, and in all the high northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, where its Medicinal qualities have been long known and highly appreciated. This plant contains a larger proportion of VEGETABLE MUCILAGE than any other known substance ; and in combination with it is a bitter principle, which acts most beneficially in giving strength in cases of great weakness and debility of the lungs.
The knowledge of many of our most valuable medicines, for the cure of diseases, has been obtained from observing their effect on brute animals—so is this most invaluable Moss. Its virtues were discovered by their effects on a HARDY, LONG-LIVED and sagacious REINDEER, which derives its principal nourishment from the Iceland Moss, and whose milk becomes so highly imbued with its Balsamic virtues, that it is used with the greatest confidence as a sovereign remedy, by the inhabitants of all those countries, for the cure of all diseases of the Breast and Lungs.
In France, this compound has long been known and extensively used ; and to its salutary effects, as much as to the salubrity of the climate, is probably owing the very small number of fatal cases of consumption in that country, compared with Great Britain and the United States This Syrup contains all the medicinal virtues of the Moss, in the most concentrated form, and is prepared from the original recipe from Paris, only by
E. HUTCHINGS & CO., Baltimore.
And none is genuine unless it has their fac-simile upon each bill of direction—also upon the envelope, and sealed with their seal.
The above article may be obtained of PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover-street. june 20

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,
INDIGESTION, &c. &c.
The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.
THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and their good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted.—The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.
Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite, Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.
Different kinds of Trusses.
Salmon's Brevet pad in bail and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronised and approved by one of our first physicians.—Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shaker's do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbilical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.
Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches, (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz.
Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath street. 6m april 25

WATER PROOF PREMIUM
GOODS
INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition ; Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 52 Water street, Boston—viz ; Cloaks,—Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with or without feet—Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets and beds complete—Bath sacks—Hydraulic tubing—Injection do, &c. Air Beds—Cushions—Pillows—Gass Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by
nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO, Boston

MAN'S GREATEST AND
—BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—
HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED
SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered, for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an honest persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and effects; and the references had testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, occasioned by personal sufferings from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been so much an object of anxious solicitude, to discover better preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica ; and, among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and sustain a natural peristaltic action in the stomach and intestines, and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid and bilious matter which they contain ; and also to remove biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels: such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas, Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility. Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may, with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages, in cases of indisposition ; and they are peculiarly efficacious in liver complaints. In offering them to the public, I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellency. In regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York ; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public.
"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years. He has through life maintained a fair reputation. His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached.
JOHN W. TAYLOR.
Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."
"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach. S. YOUNG.
Oct. 8, 1834."
Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.
JAS. COMSTOCK."
Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of a liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me, and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.
ANN POWEL.
Milton, Oct. 3, 1834."
For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.
april 18 1y

DR. PHELPS' ARCANUM.
THIS Syrup is celebrated for the cure of Scrofula, Eruptions or Diseases of the Skin, Syphilis or Venereal Complaints, Rheumatism, Ulcers in the Throat and other parts of the Body, Mercurial Affections, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Blood, deep-seated pains in the Muscles, Bones, &c., and a regenerator of emaciated and broken constitutions, caused by disease, intemperance, &c.
From the Republican.
Mr Editor—For years past, my children have been severely affected with a disease of the skin, of an exceedingly obstinate character. The eruption sometimes was distinct, of a pustular form, and again would be confluent and laminated, and occupy the whole surface, and the scalp of one of them, in particular, was so completely encrusted, that the hair became matted over the whole head, presenting, as must be obvious, a very disagreeable appearance, besides a constant discharge of matter. The disease, in all of them, assumed during its existence, a variety of shapes and appearances, and seemed to defy the power and ingenuity of the healing art. I have, however, reason to believe from observation and enquiry, that Eruptions, or Diseases of the kind are not uncommon among children, and even adult persons, though they may not often attain that aggravated character, as in the present instance. During the past winter, which season of the year I am persuaded is the most unfavorable for curing diseases or eruptions of the skin, I procured a number of Dr. Phelps' Arcanum, and administered it, to one or two of my children, who were the most severely afflicted. In a short space of time I observed an evident amendment in their condition, the eruption gradually disappeared, and I commenced giving the Arcanum to the remaining number, with similar and decided success. The eruption in all of them has entirely disappeared, and they now appear healthy and in good condition, by this treatment only. EMERY PERRY.
Worcester, May 1, 1835.
From the Worcester Republican of July 22d, 1835.
We consider it a small tribute of commendation to the character of the Arcanum of Dr. Phelps, to remark that its success over other kinds of treatment in the cure of diseases of the skin, scrofula, and many other chronic and obstinate diseases, is astonishing.
The case of Mrs L. W. Stowell of this town, and of the daughter of M. Davenport, Esq. of Boylston, are instances of success that should be recorded. We publish to-day the certificate of Mr. Perry with regard to the efficacy of the article in the treatment of his family, at his request.
For sale at wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM WARD, wholesale and retail dealer in Paints, Medicines and Dye Stuffs, 26 and 27, India-street, near the head of Central wharf, Boston.
Also for sale by Druggists generally. august 8

TO THE AFFLICTED!
DR. T. BELL has removed from Milk-street to No. 20 Spring-street, within one door of Spring Place, and tenders his services to the public. Having been forty years in the practice of physic both in Europe and America, he flatters himself of being able to give general satisfaction. For the last fifteen years he has adopted the vegetable medicine system—the advantages this system possesses over every other is sufficiently tested in every section of the Union. He will undertake the following disorders where there is a prospect of cure, viz : cancers, asthma, coughs of ever so long standing, scrofula, ulcers from whatever cause, &c. Also—liver complaints, diarrhoea, piles, worms, and jaundice
N. B.—Also, a certain complaint, (in most cases without the use of mercury.) People of either sex may be introduced to the Doctor without seeing each other, and at the same time may rely upon secrecy and honor.
At the same place may be had the following medicines, and no where else—Bell's Eye Water, for weak or weeping eyes, an excellent article. 2s per vial—Tooth Paste, an invaluable article for preserving the enamel of the teeth, 2s per box—also, his Bilious Pills, that cannot be surpassed, and create no griping whatever, 3s per box. 3t august 29

BURNS AND SCALDS
A POSITIVE CURE.
ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles Gangreen, &c. &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains : Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds : every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abcesses ; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.
Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphillitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.
In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever; when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates ; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.
Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 126 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally.—Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass,) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 13

REMOVAL
S. COLMAN, (successor to Lilly, Wait & Co.) periodical and wholesale publisher, has removed from 121 Washington street, to Nos. 18 and 20, Cornhill, (same building with R. P. & C. Williams) where will be continued the publication of the People's, Family, and Parley's Magazines, Young Man's Guide, &c.—Also, the general agency of Waldie's Library, Blackwood and Metropolitan Magazines, and Foreign Quarterly Review, Alexandrian Library, Duff Green's Jurist, Medical Register, as well as of the other principal periodical publications throughout the United States.
july 11

MISCELLANY.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

TO A LITTLE BOY.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

My winsome one, my handsome one, my darling little boy,
The heart's pride of thy mother, and thy father's chiefest joy!
Come ride upon my shoulder, come sit upon my knee,
And prattle all the nonsense that I love to hear from thee:
With thine eyes of merry lustre, and thy pretty lisping tongue,
And thy heart that evermore lets out its humming happy song!
With thy thousand tricks so gleesome, which I bear without annoy,
Come to my arms, come to my soul, my darling little boy!

My winsome one, my fairest one, they say that later years
Will sometimes change a parent's hope for bitter grief and tears:
But thou, so innocent! canst thou be aught but what thou art,
And all this bloom of feeling, with the bloom of face depart?
Canst thou this tabernacle fair, where God reigns bright within,
Profane, like Judah's children, with the pagan rites of sin?
No—no, so much I'll cherish thee, so clasped we'll be in one,
That laughter guilt shall only get the father with the son;
And then, perceiving that the grief must me at least destroy,
Wilt still be fair and innocent, my darling little boy!

My gentle one, my blessed one, can that time ever be,
When I to thee shall be severe, or thou unkind to me?
Can any change which time may bring, this glowing passion wreck,
Or dash with rage the little hand now fondling round my neck?
Can this community of sport, to which love brings me down,
Give way to Anger's kindling glance, and Hate's malignant frown?
No—no, that time can ne'er arrive, for, whatsoe'er befall,
This heart shall still be wholly thine, or shall not be at all;
And to an offering like this thou canst not e'er be coy,
But still wilt be my faithful and my gentle little boy!

My winsome one, my gallant one, so fair, so happy now,
With thy bonnet set so proudly upon thy shining brow,
With thy fearless bounding motions, and thy laugh of thoughtless glee,
So circled by a father's love which wards each ill from thee!
Can I suppose another time when this shall all be o'er,
And thy cheek shall wear the ruddy badge of happiness no more;
When all who now delight in thee far elsewhere shall have gone,
And thou shalt pilgrimise though life, unfriended and alone,
Without an aid to strengthen or console thy troubled mind,
Save the memory of the love of those who left thee thus behind.
Oh, let me not awake the thought, but, in the present blest,
Make thee a child of wisdom—and to Heaven bequeath the rest:
For rather let me image thee, in sunny future days,
Out-doing every deed of mine, and wearing brighter bays;
With less to dull thy fervency of recollected pain,
And more, to animate thy course of glory and of gain;
A home as happy shall be thine, and I too shall be there,
The blessings purchased by thy worth in peace and love to share—
Shall see within thy beaming eye my early love repaid,
And every ill of failing life a bliss by kindness made—
Shall see thee pour upon thy son, then sitting on thy knee,
A father's gushing tenderness, such as I feel for thee;
And know, as I this moment do, no brighter, better joy,
Than thus to clasp unto thy soul thy darling little boy!

May 1st, 1835.

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

BROOKS'S LETTERS.

THINGS IN ENGLAND.—SERVANTS.

NO. VI.

There is one thing beyond description annoying to an American traveller,—a perfect nuisance, when he first enters England, and ever while he is in the kingdom, for which his previous habits of travelling at home have never educated him, as is the case with the people of the continent;—and that most annoying of all things is, that he never knows when his bills are paid, such is the universal custom amounting to a law, of feeing every form and description of servants. I had heard much of this,—but I had no idea of the extent to which it was carried, and the variously curious ways in which it manifests itself. The truth is, England is divided into two great classes—the big plunderers and the little plunderers, and various corps of rangers between,—and the chief difference between the two is, that the big plunderers legally plunder the little on a magnificent scale, and the little plunderers revenge themselves as well as they can on a little scale, making up in ingenuity what they want in law. The big plunderers are the nobility or the aristocracy, and the little plunderers are their servants and the servants of others. Hence there is a constant war among them, and hence the great origin of parties in England,—the little plunderers having an immense majority of numbers which avails them nothing, as they cannot use it, and the great plunderers having an immense majority of the wealth with almost all the landed interests and the church at their disposal.—Bearing these facts in mind, an American when he lands upon the English coast, will move along very harmoniously. He must expect to endure perpetual vexations unless he lays in a large stock of temper,—and if he is wise, he will attempt no reforms, but give in cheerfully to all the customs he finds. The fact is, the servants have no other way of living, and they ought to plunder. *They* are very excusable. A porter as he calls himself, brings a portmanteau down stairs, and tips his hat, and cries 'don't forget the porter, sir',—and another hands it up two feet to the Guard of the coach—(a most useful animal with two legs, in a red coat, that the English perch up in a back seat of their coaches, and make their horses haul,)—and then this second porter repeats the cry of 'don't forget the porter, sir',—to which, if you demur, he adds, 'this is the way I get my living sir'. Waiters, one certainly,—two or three perhaps,—rush to the door as the coach prepares to go away, and these must be settled with:—and then there is the chambermaid, and a humble personage who calls himself 'the boots', which in American English means the boot-blacker. When you change the coachman, which is twice or thrice in twenty-four hours he expects his fee; and last of all, comes that good for nothing animal called the Guard, asking for *his* fee.—Wherever you eat, the waiter is to be paid; and to such an extent is this carried, that my hand almost involuntarily rushes into my pocket whenever one ever casts his eyes towards me. I have heard a good story of an American, who, when he first landed, after a summons or two from some of the servants, called all together and ranged them begining with the chambermaid; then parading the waiters, the boots, the porters, and the ostler in a regular platoon, and as they all claimed pay for something, he gave them a hearty cursing for their imprudence, and then departed—much to their astonishment, of course. This custom of feeing prevails wherever you go, whether you are on land or water. Where there are no porters and chambermaids, stewards and cabin boys take their places. As the masters plunder the servants out of their wages, or what is worse, make the servant, as they often do, buy his place, the servant must of necessity plunder wheresoever he can. Whenever you remonstrate, the answer is, 'we have no wages'. Indeed, no one can calculate upon his expenditures or his bargains. If he enter a coach, he knows not how many there are to fee about it; or, if he enter a boat, even if the bargain is made, he knows not how much it will cost him when he escapes.

I have dwelt so long on these matters, not so much because they are money matters as to show the American reader something of the men and manners in England.—They exhibit a picture of society. When we are called ingenious in extortion, the answer with truth can be, no people in this equal the English. The cunningest Yankee on a peddling voyage is far, very far behind the hangers-on of an English Coach Office, or an English coach-man in all the devices of extortion. But there is another point in view which make these facts yet more interesting. The observing man must see in it an effect,—the moral servitude which it creates,—the habit of depending, on a large mass of society, upon the caprice of every variety of temper. An ingenious Aristocracy could not have devised a more cunning way of impressing upon men in a more humble state of society, habits of servility which an American does not ask even of his slave—feelings of unnecessary humility among his fellow men, that degrade him as a thinking man. Instead of service, as with us *claiming* its honest pay, service here *begs* its pay, and receives it, as if there was something more than reciprocity. Better attention may thus be secured, it is true, by better pay, but bribery will in many cases do with us what this bribery does here,—though here unless the bribe is given, a man is almost insulted. But how much is human nature degraded—how much of that honest pride that ought ever to distinguish man, is extinguished the moment he is made a beggar even for his honest due! I would not utter one word against the politeness, and civility which is due from the employed to the employer, and so reciprocally,—but if there is any thing revolting, it is the ever thickly-showered and unmeaning 'thank'ee,' the profuse expressions of bows that an Englishman besmears you with when you have paid him for what he ought to be paid. The master of a Hotel in Edinburgh bowed us to death when we left him. Now one or two bows are civil enough when one man leaves another,—but if there is any object more ridiculous in my eye, it is that of a man making such gyrations, automaton-like. So it is every where, the tradesman kills you with kindness and thank'ees. For the time being he considers himself your slave, and acts accordingly; and his English employer looks upon him as his property, at least till the job is done. The great difference in this respect between the two countries an Englishman marks the moment he puts foot in the U. States, and American marks it whenever he comes to England.—Which is the better system a reasonable man would soon decide upon. Our system advances and elevates the man. Theirs degardes and humbles him,—and if we would but adopt in the United States the practice of feeing waiters in our large Hotels, ours would be as attentive as theirs, as they are now whenever a secret fee is given their. If I were an English Radical, the first attempt at reform with me should be a reform of this system, so as to enable a man to respect himself, and to expect and demand a fixed and sure compensation for service. B.

NO. VII.

June, 1835.

THINGS IN LONDON.

I have been travelling to and fro about this immense city for a week,—and I have seen neither the beginning nor end. I have sought the end in long miles in Omnibusses, but wherever they carried me, all was city, city—one perpetual glittering of shops,—one continued trampling of feet, one endless rattling over the pavements.—Not yet have I been over the Thames, and there is a great city over there. Not yet have I seen a single show, and yet I have run about till I was wearied and flushed with sights and novelties innumerable. In all other cities that I have been, one can find at least a place for the beginning of an observation,—but there seems to be none here. The very magnitude of the distances to be run over deters one from attempting it at all. There is so much to see that one does not know where to begin to see it. Six New Yorks would make but one London.—The whole of Maine crowded upon one continuous territory, and then multiplied by four, would not make one London,—so thickly is man jostled by man,—such is his love for society! How could Daniel Boone feel here, he who could not endure the sight of his neighbor's smoke, or to hear the barking of his dog? The Penny Post which is established here is a most admirable contrivance for connecting together the parts of this great metropolis. For two pence, about four cents, I can send a note to an acquaintance six miles off,—and receive an answer on the same day. The offices of the Penny Post are scattered all over the city,—and then there is a travelling man with his letter bag, who jingles his bell under almost every window—The accuracy with which business is done, in this miniature Post Office Establishment, proves that it is under good regulation,—and I have been told that it is profitable, as it must be, when the notes of so many people daily run through it.

The first day I was in London I delivered myself up to street reveries, going just where a fancy carried me, without caring much where it was,—and though I started as soon as breakfast was over, night was upon me before I dreamed of its approach. Much of the architecture was novel, such as an American never sees at home,—the huge pile of Westminister for example—the Tower of London, the images about Temple Bar, the lofty St. Pauls, the many antique churches in the middle of the most crowded streets. The equipages, the carriages, the rich liveries of servants, with their flashing caps and plumes, outriders, &c. &c. were all new. Here were a tribe of them in deep black with cockades on, as signs of mourning,—and there were others in flaming red, and forcibly contrasting white. All looked like a grand parade day of the officers of an American militia. The Club Houses, magnificent structures, attracted my attention. I gazed with surprise upon the massive bridges of stone over the now smoked and dirty Thames. I fell upon St James's Park,—and indeed I thought I was in a paradise. Here in the heart of a city is the *rus in urbe*,—a charming Lake, artificial though it is—the most beautiful lawn I ever saw—walks as delightful as fancy can desire,—trees of magnificent foliage—a little wilderness even of wild bushes, aye all the fascinations of country life, and this too, open to the public in the heart of a city! You have but to wander a short way from the turbulence of the Strand, or the bustle of Pall Mall, or *Pell Mell*, as they call it here,—and you are all alone, with the wild birds, chirping most merrily over your head, the lamb frisking about you, and the fish with his shining sides in the lake at your feet.

Before I had seen prettier things, I fancied Boston Common to be the most charming place on earth of this kind; but James's Park is as much its superior in beauty, as that is the superior of the common field. About it, there is a most delusive irregularity. Art has so managed, as to conceal itself in Nature. The trees have seemed to come up as they pleased. The bushes apparently have had their own way. The margin of the Lake is not as on Boston Common of regularly laid stones, but of stones apparently tumbled in by some chance or other. In all these things the English so much excel us, that we have lessons of years to learn. The Parks in and about London are many—some public, more private; but all little Edens, made admirably beautifully by art, and enjoyed the more as in such a wide-spread city. I wandered over Hyde Park, by the house of the Duke of Wellington, over Green Park, and by Regent's Park, the largest in the city, much of which however, is private property.—Wherever the English could reserve a green spot to be ornamented with walks and shaded by trees, much to their credit they have reserved it,—and this it is which has made the West End of London, the fashionable end, so charming a residence. Regent street seemed like a street of palaces,—and many of the people in it, and about it in the fashionable hour, such is the rush of carriages,—the display of pomp, and tinsel—appeared as if they had dropped from some more dazzling sphere.—There is a place in it called the Quadrant, in form of a quadrant;—and a prettier place for effect, architecture could not well design at an equal expense. And then the shops (they never say stores here as we do)—I cannot describe the wealth they display, such is the profusion of it,—of silks and jewelry—of silver and gold—of all that can attract or fascinate the eye, set forth in unrivalled tastes. An American woman (I never say lady when I can help it except in a certain case, for woman is a better word) would grow frantic here, unless she had money enough to spend,—and then if she had, have mercy on her husband's pocket amid so many temptations! Indeed I can hardly avoid purchasing almost every cheap portable thing I see and every is cheap here compared with our prices, as I see by the label of prices in the windows,—every thing in the silk, woolen, and linen line,—of hosiery and stocks and neck-cloths, and jewelry, &c., but as to what is leather, or of leather the price here is nearly double what it is in America.—Of books, I make no purchases,—guide books except.—The price is enormous. Fanny Kemble's work for example selling for about four dollars, for there is an excise of about six cents a pound on paper, and the expense of advertising, without which a book will not sell here, is monstrous. But the splendor of the shops of London I could not exaggerate in description, if I were to make the attempt. All the wealth and splendor of the world seems to centre and sparkle in some of them.—For money a man can have every thing he wants, almost any thing he can fancy, whether it be of comfort or of luxury. I love to wander among them for hours, and I often find myself lost from my way, as I have been tempted from street to street. But adieu for the present. To send this by the next Packet, I must send it immediately. You shall hear from me again profusely too, when the next Liverpool packet comes. B.

FRESH GOODS.

DENNIS & GRAFTON have taken a Store in the New Block, No. 41 Hanover street, where they have for sale a rich assortment of fresh and desirable Goods—among which are the following, viz.

Rich black Gro de Swiss Silks; do do Gro de Berlin; do do Gro de Nap do; do col'd Gro de Nap do; do col'd Pout de Soie, (rich colors.)

Merino Shawls—an assortment of 6-4, 7-4, and 8-4 Shawls; also, a rich style of Broganza Shawls; English and French Prints, new and very elegant patterns; also, a prime assortment of Bishops' Lawn; Cambrics; Cambric Muslins; Schurilla Cambrics; Mull Muslins; Long Lawns; Linens; Linen Damask; Patch; Tickings; Flannels; Robes; Linen Cambric Hdkfs, &c; also an assortment of Hosiery and Gloves, Domestic Goods, &c.

Just opened, 1 case English Merinos, of the French finish, very desirable colors, among which are brown, claret, mulberry, purple, and adelaide; also a few pieces of rich pearl colors, very delicate shades and superior fabric—all of which will be sold at unusual low prices for cash. august 22

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

THE Subscriber having dissolved partnership with Mr. Hills, Ladies' Shoe Maker, School street, begs leave to acquaint the Ladies of Boston and its vicinity, that he has again commenced business at No. 21 School street, a few doors above his former shop, where he respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and former customers. ROBERT KNOTT.

july 11

NEW WORKS.

A NEW supply of Lawrence on the Diseases of the Eye, and Mackintosh's Principles of Pathology and Practice of Physic.

Life of Sir Walter Scott, with critical notices of his writings, by George Allen, Esq. which is considered as one of the most attractive books of its class published for a long period, is now published in Waldie's Library. Subscriptions to present volume, of which ... numbers are published, $2,50.

Parley's Almanac, for 1836, is now ready for delivery to the Trade and others. This work is designed to be continued, from year to year, and to be a pleasing manual to all ages. It contains nearly 100 pages of useful and amusing matter, with neat illustrations by wood engravings, and should be preserved as of permanent value. The Publisher has already received many flattering notices of its design and contents. S. COLMAN,

sept 12 20, Cornhill.

INDEX RERUM.

INDEX on Subjects intended as a Manual to aid the Student and the Professional Man, in preparing himself for usefulness, with an introduction illustrating its utility and method of use. By Rev John Todd. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. 2w sept 12

MR. PADDON,

210. WASHINGTON STREET.

sept 12 tf

DACRE.

A NOVEL. Edited by the Countess of Morley—For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 8

FRENCH PRINTS, &C. &C

E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street, has just received a large assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, consisting in part of—French Prints, large and small figures, of best kind; Printed Lace Muslins, rich new style. A great variety of Silks, fig'd, plain and plaided, good styles; French Ginghams, fine, similar to the Plaided Silks; Sewing Silk, Shawls, and Fancy Hdkfs. of various kinds; Printed Silk Muslins, a new and beautiful article for evening dresses; Merino Shawls; Blonde Veils, Scarfs and Hdkfs; a few very splendid embrroider'd Scarfs; Merino Bombasines; light colors French Merinos, for children's wear; large and small check'd, fig'd and stripe Cambrics; Jaconets; mull, book and Swiss Muslins; imitation Cambricks and Bishop Lawns; Linen Cambrics; linen and linen cambric Hdkfs; col'd Table Covers; linen Damask Cloths; birds-eye Diaper; stout Russia Damask; Linens, grass bleach, for family use, low by the piece; Long Lawns; French Centre Table Covers, very splendid; bleached Shirtings and Sheetings; a large assortment of fast color Calicoes; superfine, middling and low Broadcloths; Cassimeres, Satinets; Flannels, &c. &c.

These goods are of recent purchase, and will be sold as low as at any other store in the city. Purchasers are invited to look at the assortment. march 28

RECORD OF A SCHOOL,

EXEMPLIFYING the general principles of Spiritual Culture. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

THIS DAY

IS PUBLISHED, and to be had at most of the Bookstores—A Sketch of the Life of the Hon. HUGH L. WHITE, with remarks on the approaching Presidential Election. july 18

NEW BOOKS.

THOUGHTS ON QUARANTINE AND OTHER SANITARY SYSTEMS. Being an Essay which received the Prize of the Boylston Medical Committee of Harvard University, in August 1834. By Charles Caldwell, M. D.

Veritas atque utilitas antiquitati præponendæ sint.

CROCKETT'S LIFE OF MARTIN VAN BUREN.

THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN.

FRANCESCA CARRARA. By L. E. L. author of Romance and Reality.

Miss H. F. GOULD'S POEMS—New Edition.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANAC, for 1836.

Received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 1

BENJAMIN WILLIS,

DRAPER AND TAILOR,

No. 2, TUDOR'S BUILDINGS, COURT SQUARE, TWO DOORS FROM COURT-STREET, BOSTON,

MOST respectfully informs the public, that he has taken the Shop lately occupied by Andre & Lovell, where he intends to carry on the TAILORING BUSINESS in its various branches, and solicits a share of the public patronage.

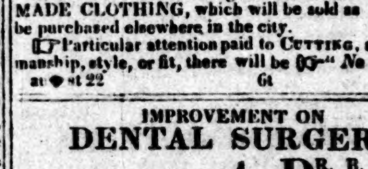
B. W. has on hand a good assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING, which will be sold as *low* as can be purchased elsewhere in the city.

☞Particular attention paid to CUTTING, and in workmanship, style, or fit, there will be ☞"*No Mistake.*"

august 22 6t

IMPROVEMENT ON

DENTAL SURGERY.



DR. B. T. PRESCOTT continues to perform all the necessary operations on the Teeth, both for their beauty and preservation.

Dr. P. having obtained the latest and highly approved method of inserting mineral or *incorruptible* Teeth on gold plate, so recently introduced in Paris, feels assured that he cannot fail to give a general and acknowledged satisfaction to all who may favor him with their calls.

The subscriber has obtained the assistance of a gentleman who will devote himself exclusively to filling carious teeth with gold in the neatest manner, and prevent their further decay.

N. B.—A selection of assorted Tooth Brushes kept constantly for the accommodation of his patients. Also, the Florentine Dentrifrice, a beautiful article for whitening the teeth, and yielding fragrance to the breath.

Persons requiring operations on the teeth will please call and see specimens at Office, corner of Hanover and Portland streets. 3m july 4

MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality, Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannisterand Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Annstreets, Boston.

N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.

Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.

nov 1 ly

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,

HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.

387, WASHINGTON STREET.

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS*, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.

may 30

INDIA RUBBER WATER

PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE,

NO 52 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON.

THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the *Coated India Rubber Cotton Cloth*, of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes. Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Side Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hat and Band-Boxes, Baggage Coverings for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets Stomach Bags for Hot Water, Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, &c. &c.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES

Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons Caps with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions; Hot Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.

Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* are made up without sewing, which prevents all needle holes and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.

There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality surpassed by none.

Orders are solicited for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth

Samples can be examined as above.

☞Address C. C. NICHOLS & CO.

august 9 tf

REMOVAL.

A. B. GALUCIA, Painter, has removed from his former stand, corner of Water and Bath street, to the rear of 251 Washington street, where he will continue all kinds of HOUSE and SIGN PAINTING and GLAZING. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. 1mis august 22

NEW BOOKS.

COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS—In three volumes.

PAYNE'S ELEMENTS of Mental and Moral Science; designed to exhibit the original susceptibilities of the mind, and the rule by which the rectitude of any of its states or feelings should be judged.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.

TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.

No. 3, Water st. (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston.

KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

☞A large discount made for cash. april 4

PRINTED MUSLINS AND

JACONETS, RICH PRINTS AND GINGHAMS, LINENS, SILKS and SHAWLS, a full assortment now open and for sale at low prices by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179 Washington street. may 16

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.

PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 3m may 2

THE CRUISE

OF THE MIDGE.

BY the author of 'Tom Cringle's Log' &c. New series. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 22

COPLAND'S

MEDICAL DICTIONARY.

PART III, is announced in Bent's London Advertiser to be issued in the month of April, and will probably arrive in this country in season to be ready for subscribers and others a July next S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. june 20

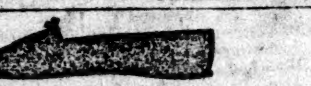
B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 116, Washington street. Classes, morning, afternoon and evening. july 11

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of ROSS & NICHOLS, is by mutual consent dissolved. The business of the late firm will be settled by J. L. ROSS, who will continue the business at the old stand. JOSEPH L. ROSS,

august 8 PEREZ NICHOLS.



READY MADE.

CUSTOM SHOES.

JOHN KIMBALL, 2d, keeps on hand and continues to make to order, Ladies', Misses' and Children's SHOES, of the first quality, manufactured on the French Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged; each Last is divided into six or seven sizes of fullness, so as to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country will find it for their advantage to examine the system. Orders for shoes may be sent, with certainty of their fitting, after the size is once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way: (A 3-4) or (B 3-4) or (C 3-4). The letter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fullness of the shoe. When there is no letter A is understood. No 198 Tremont street,

july 4 tf 6 doors from Court-st.

MATTRESSES, FEATHER

BEDS, TICKING, &c.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. No. 18, Union-street, have on hand for sale, a first rate assortment of Hair Mattresses, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. Orders for the supply of Public Houses, &c. executed with neatness and despatch.

J. G. F. & Co. have also on hand, a large supply of Curled Hair, Foreign and Domestic Feathers, &c. which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms.

june 27

COMBS! COMBS! COMBS!!

A. S. JORDAN, sign of the *Original Golden Comb*, No. 2, Milk street, manufactures and has for sale a well selected assortment of Shell and Horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf—may 23

DRAWING MATERIALS.

JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head, No. 27 Court street, has received by the ship Canton, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing, and among them are the following:

Dobbs & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade: Drawing Paper, from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 52 inches; Ivories, for miniatures; sable and camels hair Pencils: Reeves' Water Colors; Crayons; steel and brass Port Crayons; Tracing Paper; earthen Slabs and Palette; China Saucers; black cases of Saucers; Bow Compasses and Bow Pens; steel Drawing Pens; ivory and box wood Scales; Swan Quills and large Goose Hair Pencils; India Ink Parallel Rules; London Board, &c. &c. june 6

SUPERIOR STYLE

OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.

Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen SHEETINGS.

The above Linens are put up to order and are *warranted all pure linen.* may 23

ACCORDIONS,

WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by JOSEPH L. BATES,

march 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

OF Useful and Entertaining Information, contains a large variety of most useful and interesting matter with beautiful illustrations, by wood engravings.

No's 5 and 6, just issued, contain, among other original and selected articles, an engraving of the method of teaching the blind, with a particular account of the N. E Institution. The work is continued monthly, at $1 per year. S. COLMAN,

General Periodical and Book Publisher.

aug 29 Nos 18 and 20, Cornhill.

THE ALEXANDRIAN.

NO 27, containing the conclusion of Madame de Stael's Influence of Literature upon Society; Reflections on Suicide, by the same author; and the commencement of Mason on Self Knowledge, to be completed in the next No. Just received by SAMUEL COLMAN,

aug 29 18 & 20, Cornhill.

FRANCISCO B. CASAS,

INSTRUCTER OF THE

SPANISH LANGUAGE,

AND OF

DRAWING.

feb7 JOY'S BUILDING, ROOM, No. 24.

RICH ENGRAVINGS.

THIS DAY received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

A large variety of most beautiful Prints, most of which are entirely new, being recently imported from France consisting of Historical, Scripture, Landscape and fancy Engravings, Portraits of distinguished literary men, &c Some of which are—Jane Grey; Anne Boleyn; The Deluge; The downfall of Babylon; The Crucifixion; The three Marys; Christ in the Garden; Village subjects; Anxiety and Repose; The four Seasons; The five senses; The Prediction; The Beloved; The Forsaken; Bishop Cheverus; Lord Brougham; Prince de Talleyrand; Romina, &c. &c. august 29

NEW WORK.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL of the Medical Sciences for August. This day received by the Agents of the work, MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 29

JOHNSON'S MEDICO CHI-

RURGICAL REVIEW,

AND Journal of Practical Medicine—No 60, of this valuable Journal, just received by SAMUEL COLMAN, 18 and 20, Cornhill. aug 29

MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c.

april 4

COCHRANE'S

FOREIGN Q'T'LY REVIEW.

THIS work will be added to the Republication of Blackwood and the Metropolitan Magazine, and the three furnished to subscribers for $7 per year.

The ability which has acquired for the Foreign Quarterly Review its elevated character being transferred to the new has determined us in the above selection.

Those who are subscribers to the Reprint English Quarterlies may now become subscribers to the above-named works without thus obtaining duplicates of any.

S. COLMAN, Pub. Blackwood &c. for N. E.

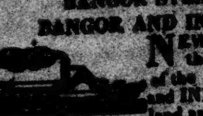
june 20

☞NEW ARRANGEMENT.☜

BOSTON, PORTLAND AND

BANGOR STEAM PACKETS.

BANGOR AND INDEPENDENCE.



NEW ARRANGEMENT, for the Remainder of the season, of the Steam Packets BANGOR and INDEPENDENCE, for Portland and Bangor.

With a view to accommodate the public, and by an arrangement made with the proprietors of the steamer Portland, the Steam Packet BANGOR, Capt S. H. Howes, will leave Lewis's wharf, every Friday, at 5 o'clock P. M. for Portland; next morning, will leave Portland for Bangor, at 6 o'clock, and arrive same evening; will leave Bangor, as heretofore, Tuesday mornings at 6 o'clock.

The INDEPENDENCE, Capt. Thomas Howes, will leave Lewis's wharf, Boston, every Monday Afternoon, at 5 o'clock, for Portland; next morning, will leave Portland for Bangor, at 6 o'clock, and arrive same evening. Returning, will leave Bangor, as heretofore, Friday mornings, at 6 o'clock.

All Freight, Baggage, Money or other valuables, are at the risk of the owners thereof.

No freight received on board within one hour of the time of sailing.

For further information, apply to J. W. GARNSEY, Agent at Bangor; E. R. MUDGE, Agent at Portland; to the Captain on board; to I. W. GOODRICH, No 58 Washington street, Boston; M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf, (north part of the city.) sept 5

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN.

PERMANENT ARRANGEMENT.

For Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Fare to Portsmouth - - - - -	$2,00
Dover	2,25
Great Falls and South Berwick -	2,25

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN, Capt. J. L. Clendennin, will leave the T-wharf, Boston, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, for Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Stages will be in readiness at Portsmouth, to take passengers to the above places. Seats in the stages may be secured on board the Boat, and at the Dover Hotel.

Returning, will leave Portsmouth every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock.

Stages will leave the above places for Portsmouth, in time to meet the Boat. Arrangements have been made with a line of Packets, to carry Freight to and from Dover, each trip.

For Freight or Passage, apply on board, or to EDMUND WRIGHT, Jr. T-wharf, or I. W. GOODRICH, 58, Washington street. may 30

FORTY

PACKAGES FRESH GOODS.

JUST received by E. F. NEWHALL, a full assortment of

French and English Merinos,
Plain, Plaided and Figured Silks,
New Style Shawls—filled middles,
English and French Prints,
Colored Table Covers,
Highland Plaid Shawls, and other NEW GOODS, for sale low at 179 Washington street. sept 5

PERIODICALS FOR SEPT.

THE American Monthly Magazine, edited by C. F. Hoffman, author of 'Winter in the West,' and H. W. Herbert, author of 'The Brothers.'

Ladies, Book Ladies' Companion. Christian Examiner. Annals of Education. Horticultural Register.—Mechanics' Magazine. Apprentices Companion. Scientific Tracts. Blackwood's and Metropolitan Magazines and Foreign Quarterly Review. Waldie's Library. People's Magazine, &c. &c. S. COLMAN,

sept 5 20, Cornhill.

NEW HAT STORE.

ANSON DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 27 Court street, (opposite the New Court House) an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9

LINEN SHIRT

COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—

100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,				
100 do	do do Plain	do	do	
200 do	Medium quality do	do	do	
150 do	do Stitched	do	do	
300 do	Common do Plain	do	do	

Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.

☞Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 14

J. BURRILL,

MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,

73

CORNHILL.

july 11 6w BOSTON

INDIA RUBBER FACTORY,

WAREHOUSE, No. 8 State-street, offer to the public a superior assortment of India Rubber Goods, consisting in part of the following kinds, viz:

Large and small BEDS; MATTRASSES; PILLOWS; SADDLES and SADDLE PADS.
Gentlemen's CLOAKS, and Garments of all descriptions.
Ladies' and Mechanics' APRONS.
CUSHIONS of all patterns
LIFE PRESERVERS, SWIMMING BELTS.
SPORTSMEN'S BOTTLES.
Men's, boys' and children's CAPS.

Together with a great variety of other articles, all manufactured by the above factory, and warranted of the first quality. Orders for all kinds of Rubber goods, promptly attended to.

july 25 FREDERICK GOULD, Agent.

REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale, all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston. april 25

PROSPECTUS.

WILD-FLOWERS AND SEA-SHELLS:

Being a selection from the writings, poetical and prosaic, of natives of Lynn; embracing the whole period of its history.

EDITED BY ALONZO LEWIS AND J. R. NEWHALL.

DURING the period embracing the history of this town, there have, from time to time appeared among us, our fellow-citizens are all aware, those, of either sex, who were justly looked upon as endowed with mental qualities far above the ordinary standard—those who have shone forth as stars of the first magnitude in our little community, and who, haply, under more auspicious circumstances, would have been hailed as brighter lights to a more extended sphere;—but who have yet passed from among us, leaving a few gems only scattered in their path to the tomb, as memorials of the peculiar favor of their God;—leaving here a few *flowers* gathered from the dark glen or the sunny height, and there a little glittering cabinet of *sea-shells* gleaned from the romantic shores of their own loved home.

It is the object of the Editors to gather up these fragments, and select from among them such as they esteem most worthy of preservation; adding a series of articles, original and select, from the writers of the present day. It is not their aim to gain any thing in a pecuniary point of view; they ask only remuneration for their actual expenses, deeming the pleasure of presenting the little volume to their fellow citizens, sufficient reward for all their toil. It is believed that the work will also be interesting beyond the immediate sphere of its publication, as the interests and sympathies of this town and those around her have ever been most strongly united:—together have they toiled through the darkness of bygone years, and together have they arrived upon the sunny lands of prosperity.

The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expenses—and it is hoped that our fellow citizens will come forward with their accustomed liberality; many names will be required to meet the expenses, as the work will be executed in a style worthy of its object. It is designed that the volume shall be an 18mo of about 250 pages—delivered to subscribers at $1 per copy.

Subscriptions received by either of the Editors at Lynn, or by H. HASTINGS WELD, Editor of the N. E Galaxy, Boston.

Lynn, July 18, 1835.

RICH ALBUMS.

A LARGE assortment of the above article, consisting of Arabesque, embossed Rich Calf, and fancy gilt Bindering—of a by a superior style and quality, are just received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington st. august 29

APPROVED

SCHOOL BOOKS.

ALGER'S MURRAY'S GRAMMAR—Being an abridgement of Murray's English Grammar, with an Appendix; containing exercises in Orthography, in Parsing, in Syntax, and in Punctuation—designed for the younger classes of learners—by Lindley Murray. To which questions are added, punctuation, and the other Rules in Syntax copiously supplied from the author's large grammar, being his own abridgement revised, prepared, and adapted to the use of the English Exercises"—by Israel Alger, Jr. A. M. recently teacher in Hawkins street School, Boston.

As a cheap and compendious elementary work for general use, this is probably the best Grammar extant, and is rapidly gaining an introduction into most of the schools in New-England. Though furnished at a moderate price, it is so copious as, in most cases, to supersede the necessity of a larger work.

[Extract from the Records of the School Committee of Boston.]

At a meeting of the School Committee, held at the Mayor and Aldermen's rooms, May 5, 1824, it was Voted, That Alger's Abridgement of Murray's Grammar, Boston stereotype edition, be introduced into the public Reading and Grammar Schools in this city.

JOHN PIERPONT, Secretary.

Alger's Murray's English Exercises—consisting of Exercises in Parsing, instances of false Orthography, violations of the rules in Syntax, defects in Punctuation, and violations of the rules respecting perspicuous and accurate writing—with which the corresponding notes and observations, in Murray's Grammar are incorporated: also, References in Promiscuous Exercises to the Rules by which the errors are to be corrected. Revised, prepared and particularly adapted to the use of Schools; by Israel Alger, Jr A. M.

Extract from the Preface.

It is believed that both teachers and pupils have labored under numerous and serious inconveniences, in relation to certain parts of these Exercises, for want of the facilities which this volume is designed to supply. The rules in Mr Murray's Grammar which relate to the correction of each part of the Exercises in Orthography, Syntax, Punctuation and Rhetorical construction, have been introduced into this manual immediately preceding the exercises to which they relate. The pupil being thus furnished with the principles by which he is to be governed in his corrections, may pursue his task with profit and pleasure. In this edition, more than forty pages of matter have been added from Mr Murray's Grammar.

PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION—by R. G. Parker, Principal of the Franklin Grammar School Boston, 6th stereotype edition. Price neatly bound, 31 cents. Twenty thousand copies having been sold of this popular work, the Publisher has now stereotyped it; and the author desirous of rendering it more worthy of the favor it has received, has made some additions, which will supersede the necessity of using any abridged treatise of Rhetoric in connection with it.

Extract from the Preface.

Two great obstacles beset the pupil in his first attempts at composition. The first is the difficulty of obtaining ideas, (or learning to think;) the second is that of expressing them properly when obtained. In this volume the author has endeavored to afford some assistance to the pupil in overcoming these difficulties. The simplicity of the plan here proposed requires no labored explanation. The first exercise or lesson consists in giving the word, or a number of words, and instead of asking for a definition of them requiring him to use them in a sentence or idea of *his own*. From this single exercise he is led onward through a series of lessons in easy and regular procession, from the simplest principles to the most difficult practice. If on the first inspection any of the Lessons appear too difficult, the author respectfully requests the tests of trial and experience before they are condemned. They have been performed, and the Models of some of those apparently the most difficult, were written by the pupils in the school of which he has the charge.

☞As evidence in favour of the merit and utility of this work, the fact may be stated, that it has been republished in England, and received commendable notice from the public journals. The following Recommendation is furnished.

From Mr Walker, Principal of the Elliot School, Boston.

By such a work all the difficulties and discouragements which the pupil has to encounter in his first attempts to write, are in a great measure removed, and he is led along progressively in a methodical and philosophical manner, till he can express his ideas on any subject, which circumstances or occasion may require, not only with sufficient distinctness and accuracy, but even with elegance and propriety. An elementary treatise on composition like the one before me, is certainly much wanted at the present day. I think this work will have an extensive circulation, and I hope the time is not distant when this branch of education, hitherto much neglected, will receive that attention which in some degree its importance demands.

☞The same author has in progress, a second part, or Sequel to the above popular work.

Teachers and others interested in education who have not examined the above, are invited to call and receive copies (gratis) for this purpose.

New editions of the above popular School Books, handsomely printed from stereotype plates, and neatly bound, just published and for sale at 77 Washington street, Joy's buildings, and by the principal booksellers in the United States.

Also, for sale as above, a general assortment of School and Classical Books. Teachers and country merchants are respectfully invited to call. eopis3m may 30

N. ENGLAND MAGAZINE,

NO. 51, for September, just published by E. R. BROADERS, 127 Washington street, (up stairs.) sept 5

CHEMICAL

EMBROCATION,

Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc.

Test of the only true kind.

FIRST—See that the certificate of the late Doctor Mitchell, LL. D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle, all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramp, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.

Sold by all the principal druggists in the U. States who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF*, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion.—Recommended by Dr. Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50 cts and 25 cts. april 25

TOOTH ACHE.

THE EDINBURGH TOOTH ACHE PASTE is a positive remedy for the above complaint, as can be established by numerous certificates. It is perfectly harmless in its application, and frequently effects a cure in the space of five minutes. For sale by the following druggists—JOS. KIDDER, corner of Hanover and Court streets; A. GEYER, Hanover street; CHAS. HOLBROOK, Leverett street; JOS. T. BROWN, Washington street, and E. HOLDEN, Charles street, and the principle Drug stores in this city. 6m august 8

GRATES, GRATES

BRYENT & HERMAN, at their Factory, No. 8, Water street, offer for sale the most extensive assortment of Cast Iron FRAME GRATES to be found in this city. They have some very neat and handsome patterns, suitable for marble fire places, equal in beauty and superior in durability to any other kind now in use. Builders, and all others in want, will do well to examine these Grates before purchasing elsewhere.

august 22 3m

GOSLING'S PATENT FRENCH CHEMICAL

BLACKING.

THE undersigned have the pleasure to announce to the inhabitants of Boston and its environs, that they have arrived in this city, to receive orders at whole sale for this excellent article. The various compositions now in use for polishing Boots and Shoes, have long been complained of as causing the leather to crack and become reddish. The undersigned have, however, been so fortunate, as to discover a process that will supercede those rather expensive compositions, to wit—a kind of Paste, which not only possesses the virtue of preserving the leather, and of giving it the most brilliant black, but requires only one fourth of the common labor; it will not soil the whitest linen—renders the leather water proof, is warranted to retain its virtue in any climate, and to increase in beauty by age; its peculiar fragrance will easily distinguish it from spurious compositions. We have in our possession upwards of 10,000 Certificates, some from the first nobility in France, as well as from the republicans in the United States, and from many of the most eminent professors of Chemistry. To introduce this article to the public, Messrs. G. & Co. will supply this celebrated article at the same price as the common Blacking now in use. To prevent counterfeit, each box is marked with the signature of

L. GOSLING & CO.

All orders left at the Eastern Stage House, No. 34 Ann street, will be punctually attended to.

☞Reward of $1000 is offered by Messrs. G. & Co. to any person who will produce an article of better quality. july 25

DISSOLUTION.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of PARKER & COREY, is by mutual consent dissolved. H. D PARKER is duly authorized to settle the affairs of the late firm.

H. D. PARKER would also give notice that he has associated with him FRANKLIN WHITNEY, as a partner after this date. The business will be continued under the firm of PARKER & WHITNEY. aug 1

REAL MADRAS CRAVATS.

A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. june 6